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L'INFORTUNEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

No prayers were said, no bells were pealed—
They hurried her corpse to the Potter's Field;
But my lady's carriage drove so near
(My lady glorious in her charms)
That the hearse-wheel scraped, I greatly fear,
The panel which bore her coat-of-arms.

They called her Jenny—the poor young thing—
For whom, if the comfortable creeds be right,
The shadows cast by death's black wing
Were only an earnest of endless night.
They called her Jenny, but far away,
Where the summer winds in the oak trees play,
And the robins sing through the summer day,
And the maple leaves grow red in the frost,
The Puritan farmers a story tell
Of a girl named Alice Lee who was "lost"—
Lost in the highway that leads to hell.

Jenny or Alice—'tis all the same—
The grave will receive and the earth will hide her,
And the busy world will forget her shame,
Or those who remember will merely deride her;
A thief and a murderer sleep beside her,
But her slumber is sound. My lady will ride,
Rolling in wealth and cloaked in pride,
On the upper wave of the human tide.
She will claim the homage due to her charms
And the hearse-wheel's marks on her coat-of-arms
Will be skilfully hid by an artist's brush,
But oh! how her delicate cheeks would flush—
Not with her pretty affable blush—
If she knew the name of the man who led,
In the Puritan village far away,
Down to the haunts of the living dead,
The fallen girl who was buried to-day.

My lady's husband is haughty and cold;
He fights the endless fight for gold.
Greed is his armor and Self his shield,
And over the world rough shod he goes,
Coining dollars from human woes,
Forcing the luckless ones to yield,
Crowding the poor more near to the wall,
Backing his wits against the field,
Rising higher as others fall,
And mocking the God who is over us all.

Only once, in his passionate days,
Did my lady's husband step aside
From the beaten track of his proper ways,
And then in his heart he felt the blaze
Of the fires of love, which few have defied;
Love which is even greater than pride.
Love, at whose bidding man laughs or grieves,
Love, that possesses the magical phase
That opens the den of the Forty Thieves,
And unlocks the treasures of earth beside.

But a simple girl, in a country place,
Whose only fortune was in her face,
How could she ever hope to bind—
By her pretty ways and artless grace—
The selfish heart and evil mind
Of one who seldom saw beyond
The region spanned by note and bond?

But a vision arose so passing sweet,
When heart with holiest heart should beat,
That he could not choose but permit his thought
To wander beyond life's frigid zone,
Where every thing is sold and bought
And the gold-king sits on his cruel throne,
To that purer realm, that warmer clime,
Where Love directs the hands of Time,
And all the music of all the spheres
Falls sweetly soft on the listener's ears.

'Twas a fleeting vision and nothing more;
Avarice rose and Self came back,
And Greed asserted its place as before,
And a purpose was formed as damnably black
As ever the angels in Heaven wept o'er.
But women are weak. The game was played,
And then, in that village far away,
To her terrible sorrow, alone and betrayed,
He left the girl they have buried to-day.

The dice of the fates are loaded, I think;
The double-sixes are not thrown fair;
Were it otherwise this man would sink
To the deepest depths of the lowest despair,
Instead of standing high in the land
And winning my lady's beautiful hand.
* * * * *
The story is old and the story is trite,
But I'll be God and I trigg'ns right,
My lady's husband will find at last
When life and its hopes are over and past,
And the graves of earth their victims yield,
And the final judgment trumpet is blown,
That she who sleeps in the Potter's Field,
With her awful shame and her faded charms,
Shall sit more near to the Great White Throne
Than he—in spite of his coat-of-arms.

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER V.

HOME AGAIN—VILLAGE NEWS—LONDON INTELLIGENCE—A MYSTERY STILL—SELLING OFF—MR. GOWER, CAMPERTON—THE NEW SITUATION.

James Matthews' journey came to an end at last: the summer sun gleamed upon the blue waters of the Forth as he crossed it as it had done years before, when he took his lost wife to his Scottish home, a beautiful bright girl, the envy and admiration of the whole neighborhood. "Flirty," and "too fine for her place," the good folks of the village had called the smart young mistress of his household; and many a prophecy did the old people of the place utter, that a wife who wore no cap to cover her curls would come to no good. Alas, how fearfully had their words been verified! Mrs. Matthews was speeding on her downward course with fearful rapidity, and her broken-hearted husband was turning his face towards his home only to leave it forever. Among the first faces he saw was Dr. Cameron's.

"Back again, Matthews?" he said.

"For a little, sir. I'm going to sell the house and things, and get away from here."

"Nonsense, man! You were doing too well for that. Live it down, man, live it down; it will be forgotten in time, like all nine days' wonders are."

"Perhaps so, but I *can't*, doctor; I should go mad if I stayed here; I'll tell you where I am going to, so that if ever she, my wife, comes here again, you can let me know, but I couldn't live in Kinghorn again if any one gave me a fortune to do it."

"Well, I suppose not," said the doctor; "I don't think I could. Where's Maggie?"

"In London with my sister."

"Ah, best place for her; a good thing for her, poor child, that she is too young to understand all this. It would be a lifelong misery to her, if she had been a few years older. She has a very sensitive nature, I fancy."

"She has indeed, sir."

"Then be thankful she's so young. Give me a nip of whisky, Matthews, I was up all night. By the way, old Nurse Cheyne is dead."

"Nurse Cheyne! I didn't think she was ailing."

"She wasn't. It was quite sudden! Apoplexy. She was very stout you know."

"Yes, I remember; poor body! so she's gone. Did she leave any money? People used to say she had saved a tidy sum."

"All talk," replied the doctor, "just enough to bury her, that was all. She'll be a good deal missed; there isn't another woman hereabouts half so handy."

"She was an odd woman," said Matthews, musingly; "she always avoided me and my wife, and never came to the house when she could help it; she always gave me the idea of having something on her mind."

The doctor looked curiously at Matthews for a moment, but there was nothing in his expression to show that he knew or suspected anything. "Did she?" he replied. "Well, some people have that sort of look about them. I shouldn't have thought Mrs. Cheyne could have kept a secret any time."

"Oh, it was only my fancy, I daresay. Nonsense, doctor; you're not going to pay me for a nip of whisky. I've had it out of you over and over again in many a kindness. Good day, and a pleasant walk to you. So that old woman's gone," he mused, as he watched the doctor's retreating figure, "well, well, I never believed in evil eyes or anything of that sort, but I never liked her; she used to look at my little Meg as if she could devour her. I know she had something on her mind about us."

The preparations for selling off everything were immediately commenced, and the neighbors flocked in to look at the things, and speculate, and wonder, and turn up their noses at "that woman's fine English ways," as they peeped into the pretty parlor, which it had been James Matthews' pride to decorate for his young wife, and gossip generally of the wickedness of every one in the world but themselves.

Many a bitter judgment was passed upon the poor backsliding woman by some who could have followed in her footsteps, without much hesitation, had equal chances been presented to them of being ladies, so far as silks and satins and sparkling jewelry could make them.

Two days after his return a letter arrived from his sister. The concluding passages rather startled him:—

"Our house has been watched for the last two nights. One I am persuaded is a policeman in disguise—if he wants anything, why does not he come in? we have nothing to hide—the other is a woman. I cannot think it is Maggie; I should know her if I saw her face, but this person is so muffled up I cannot get a glimpse of her. She sits down on a step opposite, and seems to be watching our windows. I don't know why I tell you this. John calls me a fool when I speak of it, but it worries me. Have no fears for the child; she will be quite safe with me, and you need have none about anything else, as you will see by the paper I send you. Little Meg is fast asleep, so cannot send any loving messages. John desires his best respects, and believe me, your affectionate sister, ELLEN HIGGINS."

"No fear about anything else," he said, as he laid down the letter. "So Ellen suspects, does she? Let's see what the paper says."

It was a *Times*, three days old, and bearing evidence of a good deal of thumbing.

He turned it hastily to find what he wanted, and as he did so another paragraph caught his eye, announcing the death of the Earl of Lorton at Lorton Castle. The old earl was gone at last, having lived long enough to see the end of all his difficulties, and to see his son's children running by his side and prattling on his knee.

There was a long eulogium, of course, upon the virtues of the deceased, and an announcement of all the titles and dignities pertaining to the late Charles Edwin Harold Dornton, Earl of Lorton; but Matthews only read the fact.

"He was a good master to me," he said, "and I meant to have written to him to help me to start afresh in life. Well, well, perhaps Lord Dornton, or the earl he is now, will do as much for the sake of old times."

Another turn of the paper showed him what he sought.

"THE RECENT OUTRAGE IN GROSVENOR PLACE.—This most extraordinary affair still appears to be shrouded in the most complete mystery. The gallant major himself, though rapidly recovering, positively refuses to give any clue to the perpetrator of the diabolical outrage, and as no one saw any one either enter or leave the house, the police are still completely at fault. One strange circumstance in connection with the affair has been the finding of the stolen cloak, which was picked up in Rosemary Court off Leadenhall street, last night, doubled up into a bundle, and wet, as if it had lain there through the rain of the preceding day. This would lead one to imagine that it was taken for the purpose of concealing the identity of the person who committed the assault, and was thrown off upon his nearing or reaching a place of safety. No information respecting it, however, can be obtained in the court where it was found, or any of the adjacent houses. No one was seen either to enter or leave the court on that particular night who excited any suspicion. The inhabitants of the place are chiefly persons who have the charge of offices, the entire court consisting of places of business. Nothing has transpired as yet to show any cause for such an attack upon a gentleman living in such apparent amity with all around him as Major Henry Banks, yet we anticipate, notwithstanding the discreet silence preserved by all parties, that before long we shall be able to put the public in possession of the whole of the details of this extraordinary and unparalleled case. From information we have received it appears that the gallant major had a kind of fracas in the street in the afternoon, with a man evidently under some strong excitement; that it related to a lady who was with him at the time, and who subsequently lunched with him. The man has disappeared, and, strange to say, the lady also, neither of them having been seen since; the police are upon her track, however, and it may be at the same time upon that of the stranger; as there seems only one inference to draw from their sudden and mutual disappearance."

"Only one inference," said Mr. Matthews, sadly; "would to heaven their surmises were correct—that she had fled with me; I might have helped her; I might have shielded her some way—oh, Maggie, Maggie, what have you brought on yourself and me!"

The sale was soon over, the pretty furniture, which James Matthews had taken such pride in collecting, was scattered here and there, to remind his neighbors of the ruin of his happiness; and the pleasant little home which the faithless wife had blighted for ever was left desolate, and her husband turned his back upon the little village to begin life anew in some strange place, where neither his name nor his story might arise to blight his reputation or his child's happiness.

Business took him to Camperton before he left Scotland. He intended to settle somewhere in the lake districts of England in such a public house as his means allowed him to take, and there with his child keep as best he might out of the turmoil of the busy world, but fate decreed it otherwise.

His business in Camperton settled, he was strolling about waiting for the train by which he was to start for London, when a gentleman ran against him.

"Beg pardon," hastily said the stranger.

Matthews started at the voice, it sounded so strangely familiar, and looking at the face he was sure he knew it, though he could not be sure when and where he had seen it before.

Apparently the stranger was under the same impression that he knew him, for he looked at him anxiously for a minute.

A confused phantasmagoria flitted through James Matthews' mind at the sight of the gentleman's face, of his old home at Lorton Castle; of amateur theatricals and gay parties; but he could not recall when he had seen the stranger before. The gentleman was the first to speak.

"I should know you, I am sure," he said, with a pleasant smile. "Where have I seen you before?"

"I don't know, sir, I am sure; my name is James Matthews."

"Lord Lorton's valet," said the gentleman in a moment. "I was sure I had seen you somewhere. How do you come here?"

They had turned, and were walking towards the theatre, a handsome building in a bye street, at the door of which they stopped.

"I've been in Scotland these six years, sir," he replied. "Are you Mr. Huntley?"

"That was the name I was known by when you saw me last—twelve years ago. I'm Mr. Gower now, manager of the Theatre Royal, Camperton, and here we are. Come in, Matthews, and let me hear what you are doing: you know the earl is dead, of course?"

"Yes, sir; I saw it in the papers."

They went in and had a long chat in the manager's private room, the visitor wondering much at all he saw, and mentally contrasting the appearance of J. Gower, Esq., of the Theatre Royal, with that of the somewhat starved-looking actor who had been sent down by a London manager to superintend some private theatricals at Lorton.

"And so you want to change your name and go somewhere where no one will ever hunt you up. You'll do that nowhere so well as in a great town. Why can't you stay here?"

"I should be long getting anything to do, I'm afraid, sir. I've no recommendation or anything of that sort."

"Why, how long did you live with Lord Lorton?"

"Ten years, sir; rather more."

"That of itself would be a recommendation. Look here, Matthews, you can do me a service if you will."

"You, sir?"

"Yes, me."

"Anything that I can do I am sure——"

"Wait till you hear what it is before you say anything. My man is very ill; he was a capital servant, neither valet, nor footman, nor secretary, but a sort of compound of all three. He could take a message or answer a letter equally well. He attended to a great deal of business, minded my town house when I was in the country, and *vice versa* if I had no need of him here—in short, made himself generally useful. Now it may be months before he is about again—perhaps never—and when I met you I was going to see after some one to take his place. I have made no arrangements: will you do it?"

Matthews hesitated.

It was a tempting offer, saving him the trouble, which seemed so wearisome only in the prospect of it, of establishing another house, to remind him ever of the one he had lost.

He liked the look of Mr. Gower; he could easily leave if he did not like the work; and with a changed name, who was to know him? So, after thinking a minute, he said:—

"I should like it, sir, but my little girl——"

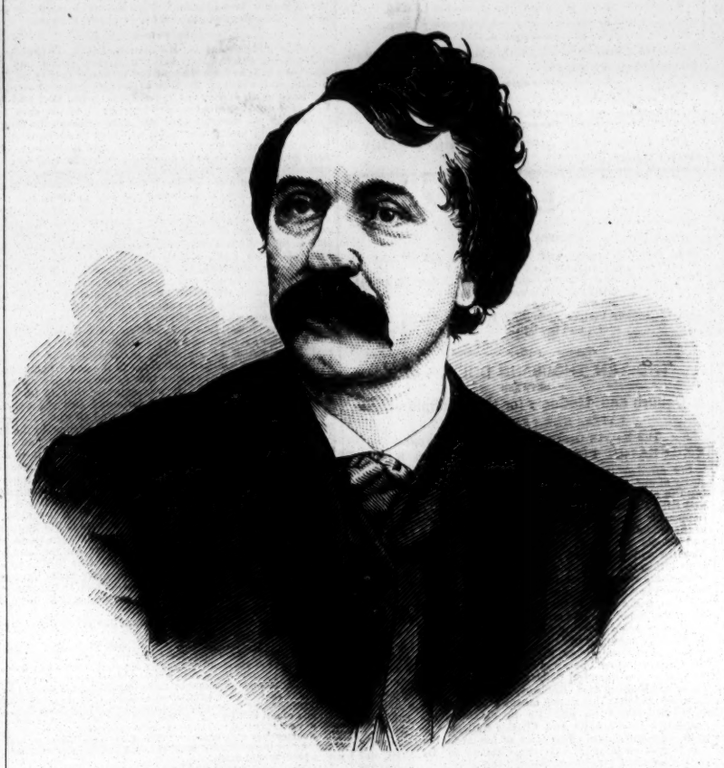
"Oh, you can fetch her. She won't take up much room anywhere. Then you accept?"

"I do, sir, and thank you."

"And thank *you*," said Mr. Gower, with a smile. "I really wanted some one to relieve me of some of my responsibilities."

So little Maggie was fetched from London and installed with her father in Mr. Gower's town house, and none of the habitues of the theatre who sometimes came there ever thought of connecting the grave and quiet James Ross and his child with the story of a runaway wife, which had flitted through the papers to be forgotten as soon as read.

And so years rolled away, and Ross was still, in theatrical parlance, "the manager's man," for the one whose place he had filled never recovered to come back to his duty, and Maggie, or, as she was soon called, Miss Ross, grew daily in beauty and grace, and often surprised her father into many a heartache by her likeness to the mother whose fate was the shadow of their little home—the one unspoken grief of their loving hearts.



THE LATE GEORGE N. CHRISTY.

For biographical sketch see our Dramatic Summary.

CHAPTER VI.

TEN YEARS—A LONDON DRAWING ROOM—LAURA AND HER CHILDREN—THE DOWAGER COUNTESS—CREMORNE—AN ARISTOCRATIC FETE—THE DRUNKEN WOMAN—WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR HAND?

Ten years! Ten long years to be marked on time's dial plate by his never staying, unerring finger!

It is the height of the London season, and the summer sun is pouring in through the closed blinds of a spacious drawing room in Eaton Square.

A family party is assembled there, faces all known to us, and but lightly touched by the hand of the noiseless marker of the hours.

First, there is Laura, Countess of Lorton, now for many a long day as radiant as ever in her loveliness, and looking like the sister rather than the mother of her children.

Her husband's mother sits beside her in a soft lounging chair, carefully shielded from every breath of soft warm air which could possibly enter, for the dowager countess fancies herself an invalid still, though she has lived all these years and bids fair to live as many more.

Her own family doat upon her, though others are apt to call her fidgety and nervous, as in truth she is sometimes; but she has so many good qualities that at home her little faults are forgotten. The earl doats on his mother, and believes her a very model for all old ladies; and she is the special pet and darling of his gentle wife and her son and daughter.

She is very pleasant to look at in her soft grey dress and lace cap, under which her snowy hair is smoothly banded down above her white forehead.

This is Laura's doing; her exquisite taste superintends her mother-in-law's costume; entirely left to herself, Lady Lorton, the elder, would have leaned a little towards the gay colors of her youth, and endeavored to make herself look young again by all sorts of artificial means; but her daughter-in-law has managed somehow to bring her round to her own way of thinking, and she is fain to acknowledge it is the best way after all.

Little Agnes, Lady Agnes now, has grown into a fine girl of fourteen, very handsome, and a perfect contrast to her radiant mother in her dark beauty; and young Lord Dornton, familiarly Charley, is as fine a specimen of a thorough English boy as can be found. He is slightly fairer than his sister, but with a marked likeness to his father. He is going to Eton after the vacation, and thinks himself arrived at years of discretion in consequence.

The brother and sister are standing together in a splendid bow window behind a stand of rare plants, which scent the room with a delicious odor. Something of interest is evidently under discussion, for peals of merry laughter ring out ever and anon.

"I was there once, Aggy," said the boy in a low tone, "with papa. All our fellows used to boast they had been there, and say how jolly it was, so I got papa to take me. Mamma knows, but grandmamma doesn't."

"And did you see all this that's down here?" she asked, looking at a paper she held in her hand. "The ballet and the circus, and the performing dogs, and the salamander, and the colored lamps, and the dance. Oh, Charley!"

"All that! Oh yes, and lots more, and you'll see it now, Aggy. I'm so glad—I kept wishing that you were with us. Oh, won't it be fine!"

"Won't what be fine?" asked the dowager countess, waking up out of a half doze into which she had fallen. "What are you talking about, children—and aren't you going to dress for dinner? I'm sure it must be time."

"Long past time," said Laura; "but you forget, grandmamma, we are not going to dress to-day; we dine altogether, and then——"

"We're going to Cremorne!" struck in Charley—"only think! they're going to keep all the common people out for the special benefit of Aggy and me, and all the rest of the great folks."

"Cremorne," exclaimed the old lady, with a grimace "ah, I recollect. I wonder at you and Laura, Harold, countenancing such a thing."

"I suppose we may do what all the world does, mother dear," said the earl, entering at the moment. "I have my suspicions as to the success of the scheme. The fete, a month ago, was an awful failure."

"But that was the rain," his wife remarked. "Consider how it poured all the evening."

"It won't do that to-night," he said. "But for all that, Laura, I expect the aristocratic world who go to that extremely naughty resort to-night will come back as wise as they went as to the real life of the place. Cremorne's not for us, my dear; a shilling's worth of amusement is far too plebeian an affair for us."

"But the gardens won't be altered, papa, will they?" inquired his daughter in alarm. "Charley says it is such a pretty place."

"No, my darling; there will be no alteration, except in the company. You ladies who go expecting to see any *fun* at Cremorne will be grievously disappointed I'm afraid. I don't expect we shall be at ease enough to get up a dance. I fancy having Mr. Simpson's territories all to ourselves will be a sorry affair after all."

"I don't like the idea of the place," said his mother. "I——"

"Oh, you need not be afraid, it has been swept and garnished, you may be sure; freed from every taint of impurity, 'for this night only,' as play-bills say. Besides, didn't you use to go to Vauxhall?"

"Oh, Vauxhall was very different; people of the highest fashion went there and promenaded the grounds, and there were always twenty thousand lamps, and it was really splendid; and I have heard my mother speak of Ranelagh; she went there as a little girl in King George's time; but this place has been low and vulgar from the very first."

"Cheap, mother dear, that's all; a place for the people. Better now than Vauxhall in its palmiest days; and as to the additional lamps, the worthy lessee never fails to advertise them on every occasion. It should be forty thousand to-night in our honor, I am sure; a place of infinite dreariness sometimes, as we shall find to-night, I expect. Come, Laura, our time is getting short."

"I am dressed," replied Laura quietly. "I am going to dine as I am; my bonnet and cloak are quickly put on."

Perhaps no dresses looked so thoroughly attractive among the many hues of that summer night as the demi-toilets of the Countess of Lorton and her daughter.

Laura wore one of the silk barege dresses so fashionable that summer, of a rich purple, with a lace shawl and white scrophane bonnet, with a plume of marabout feathers tipped with the same color as her dress.

Lady Agnes was in blue, well suited to her dark hair, with a black velvet jacket, fitting close to the figure, and a broad-brimmed Leghorn hat, with long white feather and broad streamers of snowy ribbon. Her brother looked the thorough little gentleman he was, in his faultlessly cut boy's suit, and no happier or more *distingue* looking party entered the grounds of Cremorne on that sunny June evening.

Doubtless many a frequenter of that place of amusement would have voted it very slow on that particular occasion, but then it was very select. It was as much trouble to get there as to Almacks'; none but the chosen ones of the upper ten thousand were to be admitted: the people's garden had been set aside for once for the use and enjoyment of their betters; truly, as the Earl of Lorton had said, it had been swept and garnished, and the titled visitors sailed in from their coronetted carriages amid the admiration of an extremely plebeian and applauding crowd, and gave thanks inwardly to themselves that they were not as other men were.

There was no disdainful shrinking from popular looking on or remark on the Earl of Lorton's part; one or two graceful and kindly acts had made him a popular man, and his wife and children were sufficiently beautiful to attract attention anywhere.

They were recognized by one or two of the crowd who had pressed as near as the police would permit to the gates, and a cheer was raised, in which all joined, after the manner of mobs who shout without knowing why.

"What is the matter?" asked Laura, as they came to a dead stop, after the Earl had nodded and smiled his thanks for the uproarious greeting the family party had received.

"Some disturbance," replied her husband, standing up. "Drive round to the other gate."

"It's over now, my lord," said the nearest policeman respectfully. "It was a drunken woman following a gentleman, your lordship, uncommon difficult she was to get hold of to be sure."

And so it seemed indeed, if the scratched faces of the men who held her bore true testimony. Screaming, struggling, fighting still, though overpowered by numbers, she was borne along, and the Earl stretched forward with very natural curiosity to see who the gentleman might be who had borne a part in so unenviable a scene. He caught sight of his face just as he entered the gardens.

"If'm!" he said to himself, "Major Banks, eh?"

His wife's arm touched his, and shook their heads gravely yours," said her father, laughing. "Never mind the financial arrangements, my dear; you are here to enjoy yourselves."

And enjoy themselves they did, with all the gusto of which young hearts were capable. Nothing was left untried, even to a dance—a real dance—on the illuminated platform. It must be whispered, however, that this last named piece of festivity was rather a dull and formal proceeding, no one seeming to be quite sure whether it were a right and proper thing to do to dance out of doors under the soft light of the summer moon and amid the glistening radiance of the thousands of colored lamps which lit every corner like the jewels of Aladdin's cavern. And the band too! It was really so strange that their feet should have to move to the same strains that served for the usual naughty frquenters of that place, so they stood up under protest as it were; the gentlemen solemn, as if they were in the most decorous ball room, and the ladies either shy and wishing themselves out of it altogether, or indulging in little shrieks and giggles of delight, and remarking to their bored partners that—

"Really it was so odd, wasn't it? To be at Cremorne!"

And they went through all the variety of sights to be seen in the same fashion, perhaps thinking after all that the exclusiveness had been a bore, and wishing in their secret hearts that they could have had a peep at the *real* frequenters of the place in their nightly enjoyment. Every one was on their best behavior to please the unwonted visitors; even the very jokes in the circus ring were the very pink of propriety, and the prancing horses, which nightly elicited so many wondering if not genteel exclamations from less aristocratic if not appreciative spectators, seemed impressed with a sense of the importance of the occasion and comported themselves accordingly.

"Oh how pretty!" exclaimed Lady Agnes, as they emerged from the stifling tent into the cool air and found the gardens lit from end to end. "What is this, papa?"

"Only a refreshment tent, my dear; nothing much within, though it looks so gorgeous outside. Well, well, you shall go in," he said good humoredly, as she looked curiously in through the curtained entrance, "I suppose you want to see everything."

They entered, and Lord Lorton called for some of the American beverages so fashionable in that year, and looked on amused at the delight with which his children gazed about them. The tawdry decorations made a fairy bower for them; and the common tumblers out of which they drank seemed in their eyes goblets of enchanted crystal.

He fell into a reverie whilst he waited for them; thoughts of years gone by came flitting before him, and he was far away in thought when he was suddenly roused by the voice of his son saying:—

"What have you done to your hand? Have you cut it?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 5.—Mitchell's Olympic.

Few of the strollers along the shilling side of Broadway pause to remark the spot where once stood a dramatic temple as renowned in the annals of our stage as had been the "Old Drury," or any other theatre of metropolitan pretension. Near the corner of Howard street, upon a single building lot, near which in days gone by Palmo, founder of the permanent Italian Opera, exercised his calling as confectioner and pastry cook, some enterprising citizens had converted a carriage warehouse into a theatre, which subsequently became a popular resort known as the "Little Olympic."

Like all other great successes, the career of the Olympic originated in accident, and terminated with a brevity well worthy of its sudden conception. Popular for a long time, but ever identified with the personal capacity of a single individual, Mitchell's Olympic blazed in triumph simply as long as the physical strength of its manager continued to allow his personal participation in the varied entertainments which constituted the charm to his house.

Previously to Mr. Mitchell's accession, the Olympic had been an unsuccessful experiment, although the theatre had been fitted up in a very elaborate style, and the expenses of the company had been reduced to the lowest possible figure. It had been undertaken by a gentleman named Shaw, whose chief theatrical recommendation appears to have been the possession of a wife, a leading actress of great personal attractions and of rare ability, who had created a *furore* at the Park from her performance of Constance in the "Love Chase," and of other characters of a like school. Shaw had conjoined with him a roystering, rollicking Irishman, familiarly styled Tom Flynn, who was likewise the owner, titular at least, of a wife whose beauty and tact as an actress had turned the heads of all the bucks around town. Despite his handsome wife, who had married Flynn in a fit of spite, Tom was a very unfortunate actor, who met reverses and misfortunes with that stoical indifference as to consequences peculiar to his race. Under such managers it is not to be wondered that the theatre closed almost as soon as it had opened its doors. A very brief career, and the original Olympic, with its company, bid fair to become a thing of the actual past, notwithstanding many spasmodic efforts made by different speculators to revive its fortunes, when accident came to its relief, and laid the foundation of its well merited fame.

The original projectors of the Olympic retired to two very different avenues of public life. Shaw, in connection with a person named Earle, started a daily journal devoted almost exclusively to abuse of Thomas S. Hamblin, the manager of the Bowery Theatre, whom he charged with having assisted his wife in obtaining a fraudulent divorce from him in order that he might be enabled to monopolize her talents and affections through their conjugal alliance—an idea which had some color for basis, inasmuch as the late Mrs. Shaw continues to exist as the widow of Tom Hamblin, now deceased. Flynn, whose wife separated from him, reassumed the sock and buskin and went about the country starring or playing any engagements which chance or necessity forced upon him, while his wife proceeded upon a distinct theatrical career, which she blended with a personal style of life giving rise to an immensity of town talk and of scandal.

Possibly no actress on the American boards ever created a more intense sensation for a time than Mrs. Flynn, or who could number a larger collection of ardent admirers or of influential friends, who were eternally being astonished by the scandalous vagaries in which she indulged. One of three sisters, natives of Philadelphia, remarkable for their personal beauty, Miss Twibel made her *debut* as an actress in direct opposition to the wishes of her brother, who was a very prominent artist of that school in portrait painting subsequently brought to comparative perfection by Inman. The second sister married Page, the celebrated painter, and it is said that she served as the original for his famous picture of Venus. After being divorced from her husband, Mrs. Page came out as a vocalist, and created a favorable impression at the City Hotel and Washington Hall, her chief attraction, however, being her superior personal beauty. Her career as a first class vocalist was of brief duration, for descending at every stage, she terminated her popularity by attaching herself to concert saloons of dubious repute. The third of these beautiful sisters remained in private life, but her name has recently been brought before the public in the person of her niece, the daughter of Mrs. Page by a subsequent husband, Miss Zelda Harrison, recently married to the younger Seguin.

The Olympic lingered in a condition of suspended animation until the burning of the Old National Theatre, in Church street, which accident—disastrous as it proved to many of the company—laid the foundation for the prosperity of the "Little Box," as the theatre, under Mitchell's *regime*, was technically designated. A few of the members of the burnt-out troupe, acting upon the co-operative principle, sought temporarily to repair their losses by giving a series of performances at the Olympic, in Broadway, which stood tenantless, a perfect elephant on the hands of its owner, who was open to an offer for its occupation at any price.

As a matter of compliment, the experiment was placed under the direction of Mr. William Mitchell, who had been imported from London by the elder Wallack to assume the stage management of the National, a task which he had discharged with signal ability. With such actors as J. S. Browne, W. H. Williams, Horncastle, and accomplished artistes like Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Maeder, and others at Mitchell's command, and the sympathies of the public enlisted in their behalf, it is not a matter of wonder that the enterprise proved a most lucrative success, notwithstanding gloomy prognostications from many theatrical wiseacres, who forewarned the co-operatives as to a fate similar to that of the little Franklin, which had proven a complete *fiasco* under the ablest management, aided by the best available talent.

This allusion to the Franklin was certainly a dampening cloud upon the ardor of any actor, gifted with that species of superstition which ever haunts the profession as regards the good or bad luck of localities. At a period of financial pressure, when the Park was compelled to suspend its performances, one of the company—Mr. W. H. Chippendale, a well educated gentleman and actor of super-ordinary merits—suggested the hiring of the diminutive theatre in Chatham Square and the temporarily establishing the Park company, in the hope that at an almost nominal admission fee auditors sufficient to sustain a bare existence, could be attracted by that combination of rare talent embraced within the bosom of Old Drury. The speculations of "Old Chip," as this versatile and excellent comedian had been dubbed, proved fallacious, for the same fatality experienced at the Park followed the actors to the smallest and least expensive temple of the drama on the continent; consequently the project was abandoned after an honest trial, and the half-starved children of Thespis were forced to seek momentary refuge, each for himself, in more congenial localities.

The very success of the Olympic was a firebrand of disunion among the co-operatives, many of whom aspired to resume leading positions at more pretentious theatres, sacrificing the golden adage of leaving well alone to flourish upon some more majestic, and more precarious, scene of action. Jim Browne, the inimitable Robert Macaire, acceded, carrying in his wake Billy Williams, the equally incomparable Jacques Strop, while many of the other artists, relying upon the power of their reputations to give them prominence elsewhere, followed in defection. Then, newspaper critics, and the Sunday journals of that day were merely receptacles of green room gossip, shook their heads gravely and mournfully prognosticated the approaching doom of the little Olympic, bereft of an immense proportion of its strength. The crisis afforded a golden opportunity to the temporary manager, who, with that tact and energy distinguishing his career on this side of the Atlantic, seized upon it with avidity by assuming the responsibility of continuing the establishment individually. He conjoined with him as business partner a gentleman by the name of Corbyn, who had previously won considerable reputation as dramatic editor of a paper styled *Punch*, the latter consenting to officiate as treasurer to the house under the new *regime*. A more judicious selection could not have been made, for Corbyn was popular among the newspaper men and the men about town, whom he converted into habitual and well paying loungers, while at his suggestion the pit entrance was reduced to a York shilling—twelve and a half cents—a master stroke of policy, which filled that portion of the auditorium, long, narrow and deep, extending from the footlights almost to the house front, and nearly concealed from the sight of the rest of the audience with a densely packed mass of humanity of diverse material.

Like every other manager, Billy Mitchell was affected with professional egotism, which, in his case, became the more endurable from his long experience as a stage manager and his powers as an actor, having been gifted with versatility and extraordinary comic abilities. In fact, Mr. Mitchell could be, with propriety, styled the Garrick of the minor stage, for we have never seen his equal in America, both as regards the nicety of his delineations and the all but contradictory diversity of characters by him assumed. Born in England, where his earlier days were spent with various professional companies, strolling from market town to market town, Mitchell had reached the very summit of a country player's aspirations, by first receiving the position of "first old man" at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and subsequently that of stage manager to the same establishment. Although excellent in his allotted line of characters, a fact sustained by his inimitable representation of Grandfather Whitehead, as compared with the much vaunted performance of Harry Placide, it being as "Hyperion to a Satyr," Mitchell was convinced that the true element of his theatrical genius lay in his comic ability, which could be turned to account under all circumstances and in every variety of character. It was the inducement to be allowed to indulge occasionally in his comic humor which tempted Mitchell to shape his way towards the new world, to whose shores he came, accompanied by his wife, who in her teens had been the reigning star of a provincial troupe, and his daughter, subsequently married to Mr. Richard Bengough, the pupil of Clarkson Stanfield, of the Royal Academy, who was then scenic artist of Covent Garden. To the pencil of Bengough, a jovial Scottish borderer, singing a song with the best of amateur vocalists, and ever ready to drain the "flowing bowl," both the old National and the Olympic were indebted for a fair proportion of their popularity.

Unlike most actors, rebelling against public criticism, Mitchell had divined the true channel for the best display of his talents, as became apparent when, at the National, he invested the insignificant parts of Pedrigo Potts, in "Johnny Paris," and Bags, the Postboy, in "St. Mary's Eve," with such an unctuous gentility as to share with the stars of the night an applause which could not be borrowed from reflex of their light. In fact, as the thousand and one opportunities offered at the Olympic conclusively showed him, Mitchell was decidedly the best low comedian of his day, and without a compeer in either hemisphere; for he possessed every good quality claimed for his most distinguished contemporaries in a similar line of acting, and few, if any, of their prominent vices; in a word, he could be defined a classical vulgarist. He had none of Liston's face making, of Jack Reeve's obscenity, of Burton's grossness, of Buckstone's mannerism or Latham's buffoonery; and yet he performed in parts with which all these celebrities had been identified, and fairly equalled them in genuine humor, while few, if any of them, could compete with Mitchell in versatility.

Having set his household in order, Mitchell went to work to organize a company to correspond with its dimensions, through condensing the utility of the members, for his stage, already too contracted to allow the scenes to be shifted in the ordinary manner, would not admit of an accumulation of useless lumber, animate or inanimate. Having congregated a nucleus of popular talent, he added to his stock a number of persons, as yet obscure, but whose merits he had detected and resolved to develope for their mutual benefit. It was this peculiar and characteristic determination which distinguished Mitchell's managerial career, for in taking artistes, especially females, in the rough, and laboriously tutoring them, as a man of his experience alone could instruct the youthful aspirant for histrionic fame, they not only rapidly developed their genius, but, remaining under the eye of the master, identified themselves with his fortunes, becoming, as it were, fixtures in his dramatic household.

The orchestra at the Olympic, composed of a few musicians, but each an excellent artist, under the leadership of a Mr. Marks, who, had he been introduced under a foreign cognomen, might have taken professional rank by the side of Artot, Vieuxtemps or Ole Bull, was a specimen of this combination of effect in practical purposes. I am not much of a musician, but I have heard airs and overtures performed by the Olympic orchestra with a delicacy and precision which I have failed to remark in monster bands.

Among the musicians was Kyle, the flutest, much admired by the fair sex, who flourished in the scandalous chronicles of the time, through having eloped with and married the daughter of Captain Rodgers, of Liverpool packet and yacht club notoriety. Another was Bristow, an Englishman, who, like Mephistopheles of old, was slightly lame of the leg, yet, notwithstanding this impediment, was, when the summer vacation came on, an enthusiastic sportsman, tramping mile upon mile to the sure destruction of woodcock and of snipe. As for fishing, our musician was only equalled by Brough, the merchant vocalist, who was wont to boast being the executioner of more trout, and the concoctor of better punch, than any man who ever whipped the turbid waters of the Long Island streams.

The first sensation making the managerial ability of Mitchell and demonstrating the good effect of his educational training of his company, gave a distinctive tone to the subsequent career of the Olympic, which it would be impossible to imitate at this late hour, when personality is a quality almost unknown to the present New Yorkers. The general fun and humor of the Olympic pieces consisted in covert allusions to the eccentricities or peculiarities of individual celebrities, with whom the audience, high and low, were, by sight, acquainted. Hits of this description were hailed with demonstrations of unequivocal delight, and the victims, perchance present, smiled good humoredly at the evidence of their personal notoriety. The sensational burlesque, "1940," was written mainly by Corbyn, who, upon a slender plot, strung together a brilliant dialogue, thickly strewn with *bon mots*, *jeux d'esprit*, and sly hits at men and things, furnished by a club of humorists congregating at the Havana House, at the corner of Howard street, then kept by F. Monteverde, afterwards proprietor of the famous "Frank's," so well patronized by the sporting world and other denizens in the neighborhood of No. 3 Barclay street. The piece was a clever caricature of the times, embellished with numerous local views and street scenes, repruduced by Bengough with vivid accuracy; such, for instance, as the exterior of "Tattersall's," the horse mart, a few doors above in Broadway, an ungainly barnlike edifice of colossal dimensions, covering the site of the City Assembly Rooms. Then we had the interior of the same concern, which had originally been occupied as a circus, wherein, as New York was supposed to be under petticoat rule a century hence, a lady, habited somewhat after the particular fashion of Mr. Black, the proprietor of "Tattersall's," mounted the rostrum and proceeded to dispose, in language and with a tone of voice similar to that of an equine auctioneer, of a lot of human bipeds, who were trotted around for the inspection of a number of inquisitive females of divers ages, presumed to be in search of a husband. But the main point of the burlesque consisted in the fact that the actors represented well known city beaus and feminine celebrities, whose manners and pretensions were admirably satirized.—Imagine Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett and Stephen H. Branch commented upon, appraised and purchased in the style of the horse market by Abby Folsom, Lucy Stone or Anna Dickinson, and you have some idea of the roars of laughter with which a scene of so eccentric a character was relished by an audience perfectly conversant with the idiosyncrasies of the candidates successfully presented for the honors of jocund martyrdom.

There was another feature in the piece, which, at the time, was regarded as a master-piece of scenic display. It represented the Mermaid Cave, a gorgeous grotto, resplendent with all the glories of imitation coral and pearl. But the chief attraction was a dozen or so of fair maidens, who floated about in the counterfeit waters, in plenitude of loveliness unadorned, with the slight exception of ponderous and fish-like terminations. Possibly this precursor of the "Black Crook" epidemic contributed mainly to the success of the piece, which, be

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,963 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

F. D. F., Leesport, Pa.—Shuffleboard is an old Scottish game. Twenty-five or thirty years since it was much in vogue in this city, but at present, we believe, there are but three or four boards in use here. The board should be formed of one solid plank, perfectly level, square at each end, three or four inches thick to prevent warping, thirty feet long by twenty inches wide, and have a gutter at each side and at the ends into which the "pieces" or weights fall. The weights, which are about one pound each, are eight in number, four for each side, marked "A" and "B" to distinguish them. The game is generally played by four persons, two at either end of the board—that is, one from each side to watch the result of the chalks. A line is drawn across the board five inches from each end; when the piece goes inside of this line it counts two, and if it hangs over the edge of the board (at the end) it counts three, and is called a "ship." Although seemingly very simple, the game requires a deal of practice ere a person attains proficiency. An adept will endeavor to knock his opponent's piece off, or to guard his own to prevent a similar result. The game is twenty-one chalks. If the weights do not go over the line, the nearest to the end of the board takes the count. Fine sand is sprinkled over the board to make the weights run smooth.

P. H. F., New York.—1. Euchre is generally looked upon as a German game. 2. The rules of Euchre were not printed in the original edition of Hoyle. We cannot tell you the date of the edition when they first appeared, as the number of editions of the work is countless. 3. We do not know where you can get the English wrought iron steel edged quoits, but you may learn by writing to George Dunning, Normal Quoit Grounds, Eighth street and Broadway.

TWO TO ONE, Kent, Ohio.—Heenan knocked Tom King out of time in the 17th round, and about three-quarters of a minute elapsed before time was called, and when it *was* called, Heenan left his corner and went up to the scratch, but King had not left his corner, whereupon Heenan returned to his own corner, and time was soon called again, when Heenan again advanced, King being from one to two minutes in coming up.

TOM KING.—1. Sayers defeated Bill Perry (Tipton Slasher) for £200 a side and the champion belt, June 16, 1857, and gave up the championship after his battle with Heenan, April 17, 1860. 2. The champion belt of England must be held three years ere it becomes the property of the winner. 3. Blair Athol and Kettledrum each ran the Derby in 2:43, Gladiateur in 2:46, and Blink Bonny in 2:45.

INDEX.—A gas balloon never went up in a theatre carrying passengers. About forty years ago, at Covent Garden Theatre, London, a balloon, worked by machinery, ascended from the stage in the pantomime and made the circuit of the theatre, with a little girl seated in the car, but the motive power was derived from a kind of crane placed above the chandelier.

HENRY G., Huntington, L. I.—"A dispute has arisen in the company regarding a point in the game of seven up. During the game, the party dealing turns up Jack and counts one, and having run the cards again happens to turn the same suit as before; a third time he runs the cards and they run out. Does the point for the turned up card count for him or not?".....Yes.

NIBS, La Salle, Ill.—"In playing a game of billiards, I play my opponent's ball through mistake, which is not discovered until after making a 'run.' Does my opponent play his ball from where I leave it, or should the balls be changed? 2. Are the points made to be taken back?".....1. The cue balls should be changed. 2. The points should be scored.

LITTLE MACK.—Mrs. D. P. Bowers made her *debut* at the Park Theatre, this city, July 10th, 1846, as Amanthis, in the "Child of Nature." 2. Mrs. Bowers is the eldest. 3. She plays in the same line of business as Mrs. Bowers. 4. Julia in the "Hunchback," is Mrs. Bowers' best character.

ANSWER.—The referee's decision was incorrect. A claim that a red ball was not spotted, or that a player who was "in hand" did not play from within the "string," cannot be made after a stroke has been made. They should be claimed before. This is the rule.

OBI, Boston.—1. The Distin Family in 1849 consisted of five performers on the sax horn. 2. Miss Sheriff was married soon after her arrival in London. 3. Braham was the original Fra Diavolo. 4. Stephen Massett played the Landlord at Mitchell's Olympic.

T. M., Brookline, Mass.—Two persons besides Capt. Barclay are recorded as having walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, viz., an English pedestrian named Lambert, at Stewart's gymnasium, Boston, Mass., and Richard Manks, at Sheffield, Eng., in 1850.

J. F. H., Diamond City, M. T.—It was because Sullivan was not at the scratch when time was called, and the usual allowance had been made afterward. The difficulty which broke up the fight occurred within the ropes.

SUBSCRIBER, Warsaw.—A can claim a sight for what money he has, but if raised, and he has no money, he cannot have a sight until he stakes his whole pile, when even if it is not equal to the raise he can demand a sight.

AN OLD PERUSER.—You are both wrong, for, although the Derby does not show the largest field of horses, neither does it show the smallest. The average number of starters for the last 20 years for the Derby is thirteen.

JOHN GALES, Williamsburg, L. I.—The feat of jumping over a full sized billiard table, lengthways, was performed by John Howard, at Manchester, Eng., on the 30th March, 1808, and he is the same pedestrian who jumped nine feet, eight inches.

AJAX, N. Y.—1. Betting on a certainty is a "sure thing" and in order, providing no fraud has been practiced. 2. It makes no difference what the subject of the bet is, whether horse race, prize fight, or election.

W., New York.—I make a bet with my friend, of two glasses of ale. I lose. Am I entitled to drink one of those glasses? As a matter of right you are not entitled to a drink, but courtesy and custom says you may "smile."

FRANCIS.—1. We cannot say whether she is a Jewess or not, but she has been married, although at present separated from her husband. 2. A late exchange stated that Shakespeare's name had been spelt over five hundred different ways.

A CONSTANT READER.—There was no forfeit in the match between O'Baldwin and Elliott. They mutually agreed to withdraw the money at the time announced for putting up the second deposit.

BILLY MCCABE, Hartford, Ct.—1. Hyer defeated Sullivan at Rock Point, Kent Co., Md., Feb. 7th, 1849. 2. No. 3. Morrissey beat George Thompson at Mare Island, Cal., in August, 1852. 4. Yes.

G. H. M., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. At cribbage three trays and two sixes count eighteen, viz., ten for fifteens, six for pair-royal, and two for a pair. 2. Four sevens and an ace count twenty-four, viz., twelve by fifteens and twelve for double-pair royal.

CONTRACTING CROWD, Birmingham.—New York, 815,670; Philadelphia, 600,000; Brooklyn, 270,000; Cincinnati, 265,000; Chicago, 110,250; Boston, 170,840; Baltimore, 215,418; St. Louis, 170,000.

W. McR., Philadelphia.—1. Nelse Seymour. 2 They have not opened yet 3. Tamborine. 4. He is one of the best. 5. See next week's CLIPPER. 6. Ten in first part of the San Francisco's. 7. Probably this summer.

C. E. D., Philadelphia,—1. He had nothing whatever to do with the company in England. For full particulars see his biography elsewhere. 2. W. H. Bernard is considered the best in the business.

HARRY, Baltimore.—We cannot see that there was any impropriety in A pointing out the error before the trump was turned.

J. H. C.—1. We are not aware that he does. A letter addressed in care of this office will reach him. 2. Write to Mr. Wood, Gebhard's gymnasium, 5th avenue and 22d street.

G. M., Atlanta, Ga.—1. The fastest Derby time is 2:43, by Kettledrum, in 1861. 2. Gladiateur's 1:39 is the fastest. 3. Lexington's four mile time over the Metairie was 7:19¾.

MANY SUBSCRIBERS, Allegheny City, Pa.—B having gone out A should have dealt again, otherwise C would have been defrauded of his beg.

CABOOZ, Philadelphia, Pa.—We make no charge for printing poetry, unless as an advertisment, if said poetry is worthy of publication.

S. K., Vicksburg.—In playing at all fours, when each party has two points to go, he who makes low, Jack, beats the one holding high, game.

W. C.—In a four handed game of Euchre, A deals three cards each to B, C, and D, and gives himself but two. D bets that it is not a correct deal. Who wins?".....D wins.

DRAMATIQUE.—Heller performed at the Chinese buildings in March, 1853. John E. Owens was giving his "Ascent of Mont Blanc" in 1853, in this city.

W. S. P., Indianapolis.—Three sixes and two trays, at cribbage, count twenty, viz., twelve for fifteens, six for pair-royal, and two for a pair.

HELLER, Troy.—Such a feat, as it is called among magicians, was performed in this city by Heller and Simmonds, but, of course, like all other such acts, it was an illusion.

AMATEUR.—You can gain all the information you require at Military Hall, Bowery and Spring street, and Dramatic Hall, Houston, near Crosby street.

J. C. W., Washington, Daviess Co., Md.—A player on 1st base is forced from it without a chance of return, by a fair ball struck which is not caught on the fly,

NEWS DEALER, Baltimore.—1. Dexter never attempted to trot 20 miles in the hour. 2. Conqueror trotted 100 miles in 8 hours 55 min. 53 sec.

* * *, Cincinnati, O.—1. Lilly and McCoy fought at a point between Yonkers and Hastings, N. Y., Sept. 13th, 1842. 2. Sullivan defeated Secor at Staten Island, Jan. 24, 1842.

M. J., Anapolis, Md.—1. According to the spirit if not the letter. 2. Yes. 3. The last uneven innings.

WATCH'EM, Canton, O.—We are always pleased to be kept posted from any direction.

CLIPPER READER, Great Falls, N. H.—We really cannot say.

C. F. W., Girard, Pa.—The Union Club, of Morrisiana, N. Y., is the champion base ball club.

R. M. B., Akron.—Generally speaking they do get them copyrighted. We charge 15 cents per line for each insertion.

M. C., Wilmington, Del.—1. Heenan fought Tom King since he met Sayers. 2. Both are still living.

P. P., Philadelphia.—It is uncertain at what time we shall resume them.

T. P., Cincinnati.—The Jack turned up is counted immediately.

K. K. K., Chicago, Ill.—Thanks for items. We shall be pleased to hear from you whenever convenient.

RICHMOND.—Melvin Foster, the "A No. 1 billiard player's" weight, is 144 lbs.

NEWBERN, N. C.—1. Philadelphia contains many more buildings than New York. 2. About the 27th inst., in Kentucky.

CURLEY, Cheyenne, D. T.—Coburn stands 5ft. 9in. in his stocking feet.

LANDPORT, Belfast.—"Macbeth" was the last character performed by Macready.

W. E. C., Richmond.—The letter is not for you, as there is another person by the same name in the profession.

PETE, Boston.—Write to Thompson and Riggs, whose address you will find in an advertisement elsewhere.

W. H. A., Ottawa, C. W.—We shall be pleased to hear from you.

SELF-CONCEIT, Piqua.—1. He is at present in England. 2. Cannot inform you where Mary is at present.

NOVICE.—There is no one located at present in this city to whom we could recommend you.

J. E. B., Brooklyn.—Write to Joseph P. Sandell, 75 Bedford street, this city, who can give you all the information.

MUSIC, Germantown.—A letter sent to this office will reach him.

JUSTICE.—Your only plan is to return each party their money.

C. H. J., Baltimore.—You must play the double six.

AN OLD SPORT.—See answer to "Two to One."

O. P. Q., New Orleans.—Billy Emmerson.

O. E. D., Cleveland, O.—Three dollars received.

SULLIVAN BOY.—B was entitled to the stakes.

BROMPTON, Washington.—His letter is still in this office.

J. W., Chicago.—She is thirty four years of age.

LAWTON.—Thanks for items.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Venus will be the evening star at the extreme edge of the line in the northwest until July 17th. Many Venuses, and not a few Cupids, may be seen on the extreme edge of the west line of Broadway every evening, all the year round, unless rude Boreas causes an eclipse.

PISTOL CARRYING.

A recent criminal trial conclusively demonstrates the pernicious results of the habit of carrying firearms about the person. Had not Kelly been in possession of the pistol with which the homicide was unpremeditatedly committed, no chance would have been afforded for the commission of a crime of which he is morally, if not legally, culpable. His radical offence was not the slaughter of a human being with malicious forethought, but the more prevalent one of carrying murderous weapons—one which can never be extenuated, and still is rarely punished. We are aware that custom has apparently sanctioned this pernicious habit, yet in this unwise leaning, as in other exceptional instances, no sound or logical premises can be cited whereupon more plausibility in reason can be deduced in justification of a practice as craven as it is dangerous. On the contrary, the habitual wearing of concealed weapons has been regarded as a crime, denounced by the statute law under well defined penalties. And yet thoughtless, irreflective citizens have been taught to believe that criminality of this nature should be suffered to pass unpunished as among obsolete transgressions.

Years ago the small-sword was regarded as much an article of attire, in every day costume, as a hat or pair of boots. The sword was an emblem of gentility, and deprivation of it considered a brand of *caste*. The condition of society in Europe, at the origin of the fashion, can be alleged as a sanction of the introduction of universal arms bearing. Highway robberies, and a reign of lawlessness in town and country, induced a custom which has been retained, simply in courtly etiquette, at this present day. But when we come to analyze the history of individual acts, during even the most troublous times, we are soon convinced that the alleged remedy has been generally the cause of the very disorders it was intended to suppress. Even beneath the eyes of the sovereign such disturbances occurred from the abuse of weapon wearing that strong punishment was decreed upon noblemen and their retainers, who were generally compelled to disarm to maintain that decorum and good order indispensable for monarchical dignity. And, in later years, were highway and other robberies of less constant occurrence, when every man, from the peer to the peasant, gloried in the privilege of sword wearing? Quite the reverse, for the chronicles of crime show that it augmented during a period of alarm when arms were assumed by the entire nation, and only subsided beneath the discipline of a police whose moral influence gave a more stern authority than could be derived from any exhibition of mere brute force.

In our own country the individual assumption of arms has hitherto been confined to a portion of the Union wherein outrages and disorder, assaults and murder, duels and armed bickerings, unfortunately grew of almost daily occurrence. Life and limb were held of very little account, and in the attendant train of misdemeanors and transgressions, owing their origin to the knife and revolver, came moral derelictions and social enormities, which almost degraded the more enlightened classes of our countrymen to a level with barbarians and savage beasts. Can any one deny that nearly all the murderous assaults which stained the social character of the South had their first conception in the habitual handling of deadly arms? The custom of wearing firearms is not indigenous with New Yorkers, but has been gradually introduced by sojourners in our midst. And no one can charge New Yorkers with moral or physical cowardice. The annals of the rebellion show, as far as representation of a populous community in a regularly organized army can be taken as a standard of general virtue, that the soldiers of our city behaved themselves among the bravest of the brave. Neither can any one deny but that our metropolis boasts as reckless, unscrupulous, and desperate a class of malefactors as can be found in any section of the globe. In fact, the cosmopolitan character of our immigration and the augmenting wealth of our city allure to this quarter the most daring and confirmed outlaws of the European towns. Yet encounters with professional thieves and bandits are most exceptional instances among the numerous crimes annually added to the calendar. If the pistol has been in some instances resorted to to deter arrest, the fact of so desperate a resort is clear evidence of the reliability and efficiency of our guardians of the peace in precluding ordinary means of escape from justice.

To persist in this sporting of firearms, after being warned as to the illegality of such an act, is merely confirmatory of the wisdom of legislation condemning it, for it is only until some sad mishap, like that in the case of Kelly, occurs, that the thoughtless transgressor realizes the painfulness of his position. Then repentance comes at too late a period, for the damage has been done, and a man, the victim to incautiousness, either stalks with the brand of Cain pressed upon his brow, or endures the cost, expense and mental anguish necessarily attending a trial at law.

A specious plea in vindication of the necessity of pistol wearing has been urged as to the right of individuals to self-protection. Legally speaking, a man whose life is in admitted jeopardy forfeits his claim to protection from the constituted authorities by taking the task upon himself. If homicide follows the use of the pistol, even in self-protection, it is by no means certain that an acquittal would follow a trial for manslaughter, inasmuch as the mere fact of being in possession is evidence *per se* of malicious intention; while to exhibit the hidden internal intention of others, unaccompanied by overt acts, is a task requiring the jurist's most ingenious skill. Moreover, the killing of a man, in the heat of anger, with any instrument ready at hand, has been more than once defined as murder in the third degree, and, under rulings of the court to that effect, there are men lingering in the State prisons who have thus incautiously courted a felon's doom. In no case is the maxim of prevention better applicable than to a habit which carries danger on its very face.

CONCERNING TOBACCO.

If that gentlemanly explorer, but unfortunate diplomat, Sir Walter Raleigh, could have foreseen, before the executioner's axe converted his head into fine-cut, the endless arguments that the use of tobacco would cause, we opine that he would have hesitated before he introduced the fragrant weed into the dominions of Queen Bess. Poor Sir Walter! his pipe was not well laid. His enemies snuffed him out. He did not puff the Queen. She ordered him to death, and she had her courtiers to back her! *Sed quid hujus?* The taste for tobacco seems to have become almost universal. Our half-savage fellow-citizen from Alaska finds in his pipe a bond of brotherhood binding him to the general of all our armies. The prince in his palace, and the beggar in his hovel, have this one taste in common, and while that taste exists it would be just as profitable to attempt to argue a man out of one of his five senses as to argue him out of the use of tobacco. The Christian commission, during the late war, took a sensible view of the question, and devoted a portion of the money intended for tracts to the purchase of the weed for the soldiers. King James attempted once to stop the use of tobacco by a proclamation, but the British nostrils had already learned to snuff and the British mouth to smoke, and so the edict was about as effectual as a Maine Liquor Law would be in Mackerelville. The old Pharisee who went up into the temple left so many descendants that his children are constantly appearing in print at the present time. They have applied some of their self-righteousness to the subject of tobacco. The English, for instance, smoke and snuff, but don't chew. So they pitch into the blarsted Yankees for that "filthy habit," you know. Charles Dickens comments at length upon it in his American Notes, and gives us particular fits (between the whiffs of his cigar) for this "foul practice." The State of Massachusetts, which has almost as many reformers as it has inhabitants, glories in the possession of an anti-tobacco apostlet His name it is Trask, and his residence is Fitchburg. He is firm in the opinion that the use of tobacco is a mortal sin, and tha the devotees of the plant will find themselves hereafter in a place where there is no end of smoke. He publishes a little paper (subscription price nothing a year) in which he spreads his views to the edification of a select few.

Mr. James Parton, a writer of some note, has recently come out with a long article against smoking. He says he gave up the habit after thirty years' addiction to it. "Jess so." But he chances to be the husband of Fanny Fern, and Fanny gave the world, through the *Ledger*, a specimen of her curtain lectures on the subject, and if James had to endure many of them we do not wonder that he swore off. *Per contra*, Thackeray, that prince of satirists, says that the soothing plant of Cuba is sweeter to the philosopher after dinner than the prattle of all the women in the world. The new crusade against tobacco will not materially interfere with the fortunes of the Lorillards and Andersons. We do not care to take stock in it. And yet we will join it so far as to protest, in the name of decency, against the practice of spitting tobacco juice on parlor carpets, and on the floors of theatres and public halls. These floors are frequently carpeted and the slain is difficult to remove, is foul of stench, and is not a desirable addition to the trails of ladies' dresses. If a man cannot forego for a few hours the use of the weed it is a duty which he owes to the managers and the public to spit in his hat.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

We have all along believed Mr. Bergh to be a humane man, full of the milk of human kindness, etc., and ever ready to defend one part of the brute creation against the assaults of the other; yet we must confess that our confidence in Mr. Bergh's goodness has been somewhat shaken by the announcement that he got up in a public meeting the other evening, and signified his desire to *eat a horse!* Was there ever such cruelty? We can very well understand how a professional killer can chop off the hind legs of cattle to prevent them from running away while he prepares the bull ring for their reception, "for 'tis their nature, to;" but for a man of Mr. Bergh's type to go the whole horse is a little beyond our comprehension. We must frown him down in verse:—

Oh! Mr. Bergh, kind-hearted, sir,
You've running quickly off the track;
You, who would feel your good heart stir
At some fat turtle on his back,
Would eat a horse! You are too bold—
You'll change your mind, and in a trice, Bergh,
Why, to your brutes you're growing cold.
What! Eat a horse? Well, you're a nice Bergh.

WICKED as this metropolis is, it is a much better place to live in than the Sandwich Islands, where the recent earthquake occurred, because it is *terra firmer!* An envious Boston chap says, if we'd say *terror firma* it would be more truthful.

DEERS are numerous in Canada, and dears are in Gotham; the former are venisons, the latter, many of them, vixens.

INDISPOSED.

The following epigram finds a happy application in the system adopted of late by Government officials who desire to shirk their duty:—

When aught occurs they do not like,
Or "managers" have grown perverse,
The vocalists get on a strike,
And will not sing, nor yet rehearse.
So, from example pattern taking,
Our Congressmen by turns fall ill,
Nor health regain while there's a prospect
Of stilling some obnoxious bill.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION and the McCoole and Coburn "controversy" are drawing a great many people away from the city as the time approaches for decisive action in these important events. Whether Grant, Fessenden or Andy Johnson gets the Republican nomination is as great a subject of dispute as that relative to the pending fistic tournament in the great West. There is some talk of postponing the Chicago Convention until after the fight, as the latter, it is thought, will have a controlling influence on the deliberations of Chicago, for an Eastern man will be the nominee should Coburn defeat McCoole, while the choice of the Convention will be a Western man if McCoole triumphs. Overtures have been made to the fistic heroes to anticipate their selected day, in order not to interfere with the important convocation at Chicago; but it is not likely that the pugs will acquiesce. If the delegates to the Convention believe that they can deliberate with more judgment *after* the fight, let them postpone the election of a nominee. Parties can take in these two important events in one trip, a chance seldom offered.

OLD BLOW HARD capsized the smoke pipes of the steamers on Lake Pepin, Minn., recently. He peeped in to New York, last week, and blew his own and other men's pipes out of their mouths; in fact, his pipes were above concert pitch.

THE CLIPPER COMPLIMENTED.—We were saluted in the street last week by a reader, who said:—"I get my ten cents' worth every week in the CLIPPER; it's a bully paper!"

WHIP-POOR-WILL'S are plenty in Mac-a-check Valley, O. To whip poor Will by cheeky Macs is common enough here.

"TAKING A DEGREE"—Swallowing a bigger drink than usual. He must be an odd fellow to do so.

DO PLAYERS OF BILLIARDS who call out "foul" intend, by so doing, to make their opponents chicken-hearted?

FIVE VOLUMES OF THE CLIPPER are advertised for sale in another column.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

MAY ——Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole, $10,000 and the championship of America.

JULY 2.—Johnny Blackey and Hank McCotter, $1,000; the former at catch weight and the latter to be confined to 128 lbs.

AUG. 24.—Sam Collyer and Billy Edwards, $2,000, open for more, and the light-weight championship, at 124 lbs.

THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR MILL.
BETWEEN
Coburn and McCoole for the Championship.
LATEST NEWS FROM THE MEN.
THE BATTLE GROUND AND HOW TO GET THERE.
EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

Ere another issue of the CLIPPER is perused by a large majority of our patrons the day fixed upon as the period for deciding the approaching gladiatorial contest between Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole will have come and gone, and, in case nothing happens to compel a different termination, the question of which of the twain shall fall into possession of the large stake at issue and become entitled to the coveted position of Champion of America will have been definitely settled by the arbitration of arms within the twenty-four foot arena. As stated in our last issue, Coburn left his training quarters in this city on the 11th inst., and took his departure for the neighborhood of the scene of action, going direct to Cincinnati, instead of stopping over at the City of Smoke, as had originally been intended. He arrived in Porkopolis on the morning of the 13th inst., and was shortly afterwards arrested by officers Hazen and Cary, who took him before Judge Straub, of the Police Court, at 11 o'clock, when he was required to give bonds in the sum of five thousand dollars to keep the peace generally; but as the Keating and Holliwood experience had effectually demonstrated that this simply meant the peace of the State of Ohio. Joe found no difficulty in obtaining the necessary amount, John Franklin and Charles Gallagher coming forward as his bondsmen. The news of his arrival occasioned a great sensation among the sporting element of Cincinnati, and in starting for a promenade through the streets after leaving the court room, he attracted so much attention that he was obliged to take refuge in a street car. In the afternoon he proceeded to the quarters which had been previously selected for him by his representatives for his final breathings—a beautiful, healthy spot at Lafonia Springs, a summer resort located some seven miles distant from Covington, Ky. McCoole was to have taken a benefit at Ben. De Bar's theatre, St. Louis, on the night of the 16th inst., and was expected to take his departure for the vicinity of Covington on the 18th, although he may remain at the Fairfield House until the latest possible hour, leaving, as he did in the match with Jones, in time to allow of his reaching the ground, without stopping anywhere, a day or two before the fixture. The selection of the fighting ground was entrusted to John Franklin and the Western champion received notification of the same on the 17th inst., but as it would be impolitic to intimate the locality chosen, to avoid throwing any obstacle in the way of a successful consummation of the important engagement we refrain from vouchsafing the same, merely remarking that it will in all probability take place in Indiana and that all who wish to attend the mill will experience no difficulty in finding out all necessary particulars from those having the management of the "excursion" at the starting point, which will be in the vicinity of the Queen City. Speculation upon the battle is perceptibly increasing and there is every indication that as soon as the adherents of the men meet at the rendezvous on the banks of the La Belle Riviere, betting will be indulged in very spiritedly. From information which has reached us, it seems that Coburn is a strong favorite in nearly all the principal cities, though in St. Louis the people "go their pile" on Michael at pretty heavy odds, pinning their faith upon his superior muscular abilities and avoirdupois to pull him through successfully notwithstanding the admitted superiority of his opponent in point of science and activity. Each man is evidently determined to do his very best and fight as he never fought before, and if both are well upon the day, a battle in which science, endurance, determination and gameness will be called into action in an eminent degree may confidently be looked for, and should no accident transpire, there is every prospect of the encounter being prolonged until nature can no longer sustain the tax upon her powers. McCoole is represented as being very fit at last advices, and by intelligence received direct from headquarters we learn that Coburn was in first rate health and spirits on the 16th inst. He is to take a benefit in Cincinnati shortly, and in response to a telegraphic dispatch received from him on the 11th, Billy McDermott took the 6:30 P. M. train on the Erie road for that city on the 18th inst., for the purpose of attending to it, a number of others, who had intended going later in the week, accompanying him. McDermott also takes with him Joe's colors—previously described in these columns—and fighting shoes. The managers of the Erie Railway Company, aware of the anxiety manifested to witness the fight, with a view to allowing all the desired opportunity, as far as lay in their power, have made arrangements for the sale of tickets at greatly reduced rates, and all who contemplate taking it in from this section are notified that a special train will leave New York on Saturday night, May 23d, at 6:30 o'clock, via the Erie and Atlantic and Great Western Railway, without change of cars, sleeping accommodations being attached to the train, which will arrive at its destination at six o'clock A. M., on the 25th inst. The excursion tickets, which are fixed at the low price of $22 50, and are good until June 7th, can be obtained at the office of the Erie Railway Company, 241 Broadway. Persons wishing to see it should not delay longer than that date, nor permit this chance to slip them. The CLIPPER, recognizing the importance of this, the greatest pugilistic event of the day, will have a special reporter upon the ground, and our readers may, therefore, look for a full and reliable account of the battle in our issue of the week following.

ROOM FIGHT IN PHILADELPHIA
BETWEEN
TIM HUSSEY AND BILLY McLEAN FOR A PURSE.

Last week we made brief mention of the fact that the strong spirit of rivalry which has existed for some months between Billy McLean and Tim Hussey had at last culminated in a turn-up at Jerry Nolan's Saloon, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, 9th inst., the parties being separated after they had indulged in a brace of rounds, owing to alleged gouging and chewing propensities manifested by McLean. Tim then proposed to renew the battle, according to the rules, next morning, for whatever amount Billy could raise, which the latter said he was willing to do, and left the house, stating that he would return as soon as he could procure the greenbacks and see his friends. Accordingly a meeting was held on the 11th inst., and arrangements made to bring the affair to a focus that night. Hussey has appeared in the ring once before, when he was beaten by George Rooke in 14 rounds, 30 minutes, Oct. 3d, 1866. McLean never previously engaged in a ring encounter, although he has obtained considerable reputation as a boxer and participated in several rough and tumble fights with prominent professors of the science. The present match originated in two glove contests between them at exhibitions given at 600 Broadway, this city, during the past winter, when they did their utmost to demonstrate their superiority over each other, though, as the sequel proves, without giving satisfaction to either. The "office" was imparted to but a limited number of the friends of the respective principals, and upon all the necessity for maintaining the utmost secrecy was enjoined. The chosen few gathered at the spot selected, by twos and threes, to prevent suspicion during the evening, and at 11 o'clock P. M., the men took up their positions, Hussey being waited upon by "Oyster Jack," and Jimmy Smith, the pedestrian, and McLean having the services of Patsy Mealy and Jimmy Haggerty, influential citizen of the Quaker City officiated as referee and time-keeper. In the first round both sparred a long time for an opening, neither caring to take the initiatory, but Tim, at last, set the ball in motion by delivering heavily on the left visual organ of his rival, who returned viciously on the ribs, when they clinched, and, in the struggle for the fall, Tim succeeded in throwing his man. Both were quick to resume operations, when time was called for round the second, and got to work without delay, a few rapid and solid exchanges terminating in a clinch, and after severe fibbing they both came to grief together. They were puffing from the fast fighting in the prior bout when they came up for the third time. Mac essayed with his left, but Hussey cleverly evaded the intended forcible compliment. In a second trial Billy succeeded better, catching Tim a paper on the left optic, which rolled the latter excessively and, rushing to a close, he caught Mac's head in chancery and holding him as though in a vice, pounded away at his ribs and finished by throwing him heavily. Williams was very slow in coming to time for the fourth round, apparently in difficulties from the effects of the last bout, and inclined to spar for wind. Tim didn't approve of following him into his corner, and after several trifling exchanges, McLean, who had the worst of it, went down to avoid. It is stated that in this round one of Mac's partisans deliberately kicked Hussey in the ribs, which shameful proceeding elicited denunciatory cries from all sides. Billy seemed refreshed by the easy work in the previous meeting and the careful treatment of his attendants and appeared anxious to resume. He delivered a spanker on his antagonist's left eye and cleverly avoided the return. He endeavored to follow it up with his right duke on the body, but fell short and in reward for his temerity napped a terrifier on the nasal organ. They then fought to a close, and some severe half arm work ensued and was brought to a close by Mac twisting Tim off his pins and falling heavily upon him. From this time until the twentieth round Hussey took a commanding lead, planting on Mac with both hands and administering severe punishment, the latter getting down at the finish of each, frequently in a very suspicious manner Billy's face now showed unmistakable signs of his opponent's handiwork, one lamp being tightly closed and the other going fast into mourning, while Tim, barring a slight discoloration of the left eye and a few scratches, looked as well as ever and was seemingly as strong as at the commencement. From round twentieth until the twenty-sixth and last, Hussey had all the best of the milling, fighting his man down in each. At the termination of the twenty-sixth round the cry of police was raised by, it is stated, those in McLean's interest, as they saw he had no show to win, as he had fallen off very weak and must have been compelled to give up very soon if the battle went on—and the referee proclaimed the affair a draw and divided the purse between the contestants equally. Hussey is greatly dissatisfied with the result and wanted to renew hostilities, but it is thought that McLean has no desire for any more favors of a like description.

Gen. Rosseau Tackles the Wrong Customer.

One of our territorial exchanges tells a good story concerning the above officer, commanding the Department of the Columbia, during his recent journey from Cisco to the Capital. In changing stages somewhere along the route, the passengers annoyed the driver, Curly Bill, considerably, by pitching their trunks, carpet-sacks, and bundles of blankets into the "boot" in a somewhat frenzied and disorderly manner. The driver protested against the proceeding, assuring the passengers that their baggage would be properly attended to, but all to no purpose. Finally Gen. Rousseau dignifiedly pitched a huge bundle of blankets into the boot, and Bill, his patience now completely exhausted, tumbled them off into the mud, when the following little colloquy occurred:—

Gen. Rousseau (striding forward and looking belligerent)—"Who threw those blankets of mine into the mud?"

Curly Bill (chin slightly protruding)—"I did."

R. (drawing himself up to his full height)—"Do you know who I am."

B. (No reply, but a rather contemptuous survey of the bulky anatomy of the General.

R. (crushingly)—"I am General Rousseau, Commander of the Department of the Columbia."

B. (with affected surprise)—"You don't say so?"

R. (stunningly)—"Yes, sir, I do."

B. (impressively)—"Well, then, I'll just mention that I don't care a d—n who you are, what you command, or where you came from."

R. (putting himself into a pugnacious pose)—"I have a notion to punish your impertinence by setting your nose up."

B. (squaring himself scientifically and making a rather uninviting display of muscle)—"Have you though? That's right in my hand. You'r just the man I've been looking for. Peel and roll in!" (Here Bill began to work his "manley," and lower his head as though contemplating a charge with that organ upon the General's "bread basket," when the latter retreated to the stage.) Gen. Rousseau was on his way to Washington.

THE SHEPPARD-AARON MATCH—IT FALLS THROUGH.—The engagement entered into between Barney Aaron and Patsy Sheppard to fight for a stake of five thousand dollars, at 120lbs. weight, and which at the time of its first announcement gave rise to so much excitement in pugilistic circles, East and West, has, as many have all along predicted would be the case, fallen through at the eleventh hour and is now among the things of the past. We were aware that it had been in contemplation to bring the affair to such a termination, and therefore were not surprised to learn that at a meeting held by the backers of the men at a sporting drug in this city last week, Sheppard's backer made a proposition to withdraw the money, advancing reasons therefore which it is not necessary here to state, but which were acknowledged to be all-sufficient by the opposite party, and accordingly, as the stakeholder informs us, each side received their share of the amount deposited. The supporters of Barney naturally feel very much chagrined, and the principals—each of whom was evidently exceedingly anxious for the encounter—very indignant over the disagreeable turn affairs have taken, after the trouble and expense they have been under since the inception of the match and the amount of physical labor and deprivation they have endured while getting themselves fit for the passage-at-arms. Barney left his training quarters in Weehawken on the 10th inst., having an intimation that the end was drawing nigh, and we understand that Patsy has not in reality trained at all since the postponement of the day of battle. To those who had confidence in the match being carried out to the letter of the articles this *denouement* has caused intense disappointment, for it was evident that if they came together a stubborn, scientific, determined struggle would be the result, while it has supremely disgusted all who take cognizance of ring matters, whether reposing confidence in the *bona fide* character of the affair under consideration or not, and it must to some extent operate to the injury of the institution among us, unless its effects are counteracted by subsequent events now on the card. As regards the principals themselves we feel safe in saying that neither is to blame in the slightest degree for the failure of the match, but that both hoped for a settlement in the orthodox circle, and both feel equally, if not more, disappointed as the public because it has happened otherwise. A strong spirit of rivalry exists between them, and their personal feelings toward each other are not very amiable, so that there is a probability, we think, of their having an off-hand tussle should they ever happen to meet under favorable auspices—which they may do ere long—but as to the rumor of their having agreed to fight for a purse, that may be set down as so much balderdash. We shall see.

Since writing the above Barney Aaron has called upon us and left the appended card:—

NEW YORK, May 18, 1868.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—Allow me to state through your columns that the shameful treatment which I received in the late match with Patsy Sheppard—which I have been compelled to abandon, after having spent nine weeks in training, for which I have not been recompensed in any way—has decided me to give up fighting altogether, and I now publicly announce my retirement from the ring, and that it will be useless for anybody to challenge me, as I shall pay no attention whatever to such challenges, no matter from what quarter they may emanate. I have lost a great deal of time in preparing for the fight with Sheppard, and I shall never be caught in such a predicament again.

This declaration is final, and I wish all to understand it so.

Respectfully yours, BARNEY AARON.

HANK MCCOTTER VS. JOHNNY BLACKEY.—The match between these men goes on all right, and there is every indication that it will continue so to do until the end thereof within the squared enclosure. The Albanian is at present taking his breathings at a well known hotel in the neighborhood of the capital, and since the 11th inst. has been under the charge of Butt Kiley, who, having had considerable experience in ring matters, and being naturally of a jovial disposition, and brimful of life and animation, is a very suitable person for the purpose. McCotter, who weighed 141lbs, stripped, the day he began preparation, finds it necessary to commence work thus early, not knowing what difficulty he may experience in reducing his avoirdupois to the 28 enlisted weight, 128lbs. He will be the recipient of a benefit from Albany ere he takes his departure for the ground. As Blackey is not confined to weight he is taking things easy as yet, but will soon begin earnest work likewise, at some place within easy distance of the metropolis, although still sufficiently retired to ensure comparative immunity from annoyance by the curiously inclined. As will be observed by a paragraph elsewhere, he had a complimentary benefit at the Broadway Opera House, on the 16th inst., and netted a good round sum. The impression conveyed by the display of fistic ability made by him on that occasion was not very favorable, but then it's an open question, subject to grave doubt, whether any correct estimate of his powers can be formed from that exhibition. We think not. The third deposit of $200 a side has to be staked at this office before four o'clock P. M. on the 1st proximo, and transferred into the keeping of the final stakeholder, John Daily. John Sheffield will probably train Blackey.

AN OLD LANDMARK GONE.—The Americus Hotel, on Eighth avenue, between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets, which for years past has constituted one of the principal rendezvous for the sporting fraternity of Gotham, is about to fall a victim

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

Trotting on Long Island—The Lexington Spring Meeting—The Hoboken and Paterson Meetings—Arrival of a Western Racing Stable.

The weather during the past week was somewhat unfavorable for trotting and postponements were the necessary consequence. On Monday there was an interesting trotting match for $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, on the Fashion Course, L. I., between two last road horses belonging to two gentlemen of this city; one of them, a black gelding named James M. Sweeny, trained and driven by Dan Pfiter, and the other a bay mare unnamed, trained and piloted by Dan Mace. In the betting Pfifer's black gelding had the call at two to one on him before the start. In the first heat the mare led to the half-mile pole in 1:22½, where the favorite shot past her, and retaining his lead throughout won easily in 2:45. The second heat was won with equal ease by the black horse, as he led from the start to the finish, winning in 2:43½. The third heat was a repetition of the second, and was won in 2:45; the winner having never made a break or skip in the race. Summary:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I., May 11.—Match $1,000; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

D. Pfifer's blk g James M. Sweeny	1	1	1
D. Mace's b m	2	2	2

Time, 2:45; 2:43½; 2:45.

On the same course, on Tuesday the 12th, a Sweepstakes of $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, came off, five horses being entered, of which four started. These were Isaac Pawling's chestnut mare, Jessie; M. Rodin's black gelding Glen Cove; Dr. Ogle's grey gelding Pepper's Ghost, and J. Hazlett's bay gelding Stag. Jessie, the winner, is a handsome dark chestnut mare, with silver mane and tail, and white face; she was sired by Dr. Rich's Jupiter, out of the Moscow mare, and looks like all the Bashaw family, to which she belongs. Glen Cove is a showy-looking black gelding, by Smith Burr (the sire of General Butler), out of a Trustee mare; his style of moving is good, but at present he is wild and unsteady and a bad breaker. Pepper's Ghost is a venerable looking screw, without either pedigree or points to recommend him. Stag, the remaining horse, is a strongly framed bay gelding, with an unknown pedigree. Glen Cove was the favorite in the pools, Jessie ranking next in estimation. After three ineffectual attempts to get the word, a start was effected to a wretched send off—Stag on a break as the word was given, Jessie next, Glen Cove third, and Pepper's Ghost far behind. Jessie quickly showed in front, and, holding her lead throughout, won by ten lengths in 2:45, Stag distanced. The second heat she won equally as easy in 2:47, and she was retired to the third, for she, with Glen Cove in any until within half a distance of the stand, when Glen Cove passed her on a run and under the whip, and beat her across the score, the ignorant judges, in their sapient wisdom, deciding it a dead heat; time, 2:49. Jessie, however, made short work of her opponent, for she led from start to finish, and won the heat by ten lengths in 2:46. Summary:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Tuesday, May 12.—Sweepstakes $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

I. Pawling's ch m Jessie	1	1	0 1
M. Rodin entered blk g Glen Cove	3	2	0 2
Dr. Ogle entered g g Pepper's Ghost	2	3	dr.
Mr. Haslet entered b g Stag	dis.		

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	0:39	1:21	2:45
Second heat	0:41½	1:22	2:47
Third heat	0:42	1:24	2:49
Fourth heat	0:43	1:22	2:46

On Friday, the 15th, three trots came off on the Fashion and two on the Union Course. On the Fashion, the first was a match for $500 between Alex. Patterson's b m Jennie Barker and M. Rodin's b g Billy Bird, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. Jennie Barker won easily in three straight heats, as will be seen by the annexed summary:—

FASHION COURSE, May 15.—Match $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Alex. Patterson entered b m Jenny Barker	1	1	1
M. Rodin entered b g B. Bird	2	2	2

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	0:41	1:21	2:41½
Second heat	0:40	1:20	2:37½
Third heat	0:39	1:18	2:40

The second was a match for $500, mile heats, in harness, between Mr. Bloom's b m and Mr. McCann's b g Mountain Rat, which the former won with great ease, justifying the long odds bet on her. The third trot was a sweepstakes of $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between four horses, and the following summary tells the tale without the aid of comment:—

SAME DAY.—Match $500, mile heats, best two in three, in harness.

Mr. Bloom entered b m	1	1	
Mr. McCann entered b g Mountain Rat	2	2	

Time, 2:32; 2:37.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

P. Manse entered b g Little Kat	3	2	1	1
Jas. Engesser entered b g Quaker Boy	1	1	2	2
T. Ogle entered b g Stag	2	3	3	dr
G. Noble entered Kitty Wink	dr			

Time, 2:56; 2:49; 2:47; 2:50; 2:46.

On the Union Course the first event was for a purse of $150, mile heats, to wagons, and of the six entries two started, one (Black Bess) being ruled out for having trotted in less time than the conditions of the purse required. The race was won by Nodine's brown mare, driven by Dan Pfifer, beating Hiram Howe's s m Doll. We give the summary:—

UNION COURSE, May 15.—Purse of $150; mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

D. Pfifer entered br m (Nodine's)	1	1	2	1
Hiram Howe entered s m Doll	2	2	1	2
G. W. Gilbert entered r g Frank	dis.			
J. Dougrey entered b s Ben Wood	dr.			
Wm. H. Taylor entered b g Billy	dr.			
John Murphy entered blk m Black Bess	ruled out.			

Time, 2:39½; 2:36¾; 2:40¾; 2:41.

A match to wagons, for $100, best two in three, followed, with the following result. Summary:—

Match, $100, best two in three, to road wagons.

Mr. McFeely entered sorrel mare	1	1
Mr. Hunter entered bay mare	2	2

Time, 3:41½; 2:55.

THE BOSTON JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

GOOD RACING, BUT BAD WEATHER.

The racing season at Clyde Park, near Boston, MASS., was inaugurated on the 13th inst., under the auspices of the above club, and although the unpropitious state of the weather had the effect of greatly lessening the attendance which would have marked the spring meeting had the elements not so conspired, there was quite an extensive gathering, the feminine gender being pretty well represented, Thomas Motley officiated as judge, Gideon Codman as starter, and C. H. Joy as clerk of the course, each giving satisfaction by the manner in which he discharged his duties. One o'clock was the hour advertised for the commencement of the races, but it was considerably later ere the competitors for the opening race were brought upon the track, only two of the seven entered appearing—the bay gelding Alexander, and the bay mare by Balrownie—the latter carrying 8lbs. over-weight. Alexander, who had the pole, took the lead at once, and opened a gap of a length or two, the half mile pole was reached, here the driver of the mare forced the pace, and set down the advantage of the gelding to half a length, but the latter gallantly responded to the call made upon him, and on entering the homestretch he was leading by several lengths, which he increased to a dozen before reaching the score. Time, 2:08. Summary:—

CLYDE PARK, Boston, MASS., May 13th, 1868.—FIRST RACE—*Hack Racing*; purse of $25, half forfeit, with $100 added, second to save his stake, gentlemen riders, one mile.

H. Saltonstall entered b g Alexander, 154lbs	Mr. Livingston	1	
R. B. Forbes, Jr., entered b m by Balrownie, 147lbs.	Mr. Cunningham	2	

Time, 2:08.

The next race was for the Jockey Club Purse of $250, with a Sweepstakes of $30 each, and for this four of the six colored on the card appeared to run. These were Underwood, Climax, Vanguard and Remorse, Vanguard carrying 5lbs. over weight. They were assigned positions in the order named, and, after one false start, they went off well, Underwood working to the front at the first turn. On the backstretch all the four were close together, but Vanguard and Underwood soon began to tire, and the race was left to Climax and Remorse, the former winning easily, in 3:55½.

SECOND RACE—*Jockey Club Purse* of $250, with a sweepstakes of $30 each, half forfeit, second to save his entry, weight for age; one mile and a half.

R. B. Forbes, Jr.'s, br h Climax, 118lbs	Driscoll	1	
D. T. Ryan's b g Remorse, 111 lbs	C. Mills	2	
R. M. Pratt's b h Underwood, 118 lbs	Hennessey	3	
R. S. Fay's br h Vanguard, 125lbs	Tribe	4	

Time, 3:55½.

The third race was for the Ladies' Plate, for which there were nine entries, but the threatening weather reduced the contest to a match, the black gelding Black Knight and the chestnut gelding Glencoe being the only ones answering the starter's bell. This was a half mile heat race, and was eagerly anticipated by the fair sex. On the start for the first heat Glencoe got the lead by a couple of lengths, but at the first quarter the black got even with him, and from this point there was little chance for the chestnut, the black winning by three lengths in 55½ seconds. The second heat was much like the first, except that the black took the lead earlier in the race and won, in the easiest manner, in 55½ seconds. Summary:—

TURNO RACE—*Ladies' Plate* added to a handicap sweepstakes of $10 each, gentlemen riders, half mile heats.

R. B. Forbes, Jr.'s blk g Black Knight, 153lbs	Mr. Cunningham	1	
R. S. Fay's ch g Glencoe, 148lbs	Mr. Livingston	2	

Time, 0:55½; 0:55½.

Beacon Handicap came next, and for this three of the ten entered put in an appearance, although the bay mare Sandfly was brought on the course, but led back to her stable before her number was put up on the telegraph. The contestants were the brown horse Climax, the bay gelding Sligo, and the bay gelding Alexander, the latter being assigned the second place, Sligo the inside and Climax the outside. Sligo got off with a lead of half a length, Climax being three lengths behind Alexander. Before reaching the quarter the two leading horses were neck and neck, Climax being far in the rear, his rider evidently waiting for his time. At the stand Sligo led the way two lengths, but after passing the turn beyond, Mr. Livingstone gave Climax his head and he began closing the gap, Alexander having evidently had enough of it. At the three-quarter post Climax reached Sligo, and a most exciting contest ensued between the two, Climax winning the race by a short half length, in 1:57. Summary:—

FOURTH RACE.—*Beacon Handicap*, a sweepstakes of $24 each, $15 forfeit, and $5 only if declared before May 8, second horse to save his stake, gentleman riders, one mile.

R. B. Forbes, Jr's, br h, Climax, 170 lbs	Mr. Livingston	1	
D. S. Ryan's b g, Sligo, 163 lbs.,	Mr. Ellwes	2	
H. Saltonstall's b f, Alexander, 151 lbs	Mr. Cunningham	3	

Time, 1:57.

The fifth and last race was for the Steward's Plate, a dash of three-quarters of a mile, post entries; and for this two horses contended, Petulance, a bay mare, having the inside position, and Chalon, a brown gelding, having all the rest of the course. Petulance got a little the best of the start, but they were soon even, and so went the half mile, when the gelding went away and won easily in 1:33. Summary:—

FIFTH RACE.—*Steward's Plate*, value $75, added to a sweepstakes of $5 each; to be ridden by members of the B. J. C., for horses never in public training, three-quarters of a mile.

G. W. Wild's br g, Caledon, 150 lbs	Mr. Livingstone	1	
W. P. Fay's b m, Petulance, 150 lbs., Mr. Cunningham		2	

Time, 1:33.

TROTTING AT RIVERSIDE PARK.—Quite a large number of turfites passed the gate of this New England race track on the afternoon of the 13th inst., for a purse and stake of three hundred dollars between Lon Morris's bl m Hiram Woodruff's Lady Allen, in harness, and C. Taylor's Lady Cassius, to wagon, the latter being the favorite at odds of 5 to 4. Lady C. had the pole, with Boston next, and Lady Allen outside. The race was well contested through four heats, the "chattel" of the popular delineator of Ethiopian eccentricities taking the three last and the race. We affix a summary:—

RIVERSIDE PARK, Boston, MASS., Tuesday, May 12.—Handicap Race; purse and stake $300; mile heats, 3 in 5.

Wm. Woodruff named br. g. Boston	2	1	1	1
C. Taylor named br. m. Lady Cassius	1	3	3	2
Hiram Woodruff named b. m. Lady Allen	3	2	2	3

Time, 2:44½; 2:43½; 2:48½; 2:41½.

TROTTING AT MEDFORD, MASS.—The Mystic Park, located at Medford, a short distance from the Modern Athens, was largely attended by ladies and gentlemen, who possess a *penchant* for witnessing trials of speed between fast nags, on the 12th inst., the attraction offered being a trot for a one hundred dollar bill. Six horses entered, but only four competed. We append a summary:—

MYSTIC PARK, MASS., Monday, May 11.—Purse $100, for green horses, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

D. Begley named b g Billy Pitcher	2	3	2	1 1
A. C. Manning named b g Boston Rattler	1	2	1	3 2
J. J. Bowen named s g Prince Albert	3	1	3	5 ds
R. L. Flanders named b m Lady Allen	distanced.			

Time, 2:43¾; 2:43¾; 2:44½; 2:43¾; 2:45; 2:47.

A FRENCH SPENDTHRIFT OF THE TURF.—A suit to obtain the annullation of the sale of a racing stud, on the ground of fraudulent representations, has just been heard before the civil tribunal of Paris. M. Vaillant, of La Morlaye, near Chantilly, having been interdicted from running horses on any course where the rules of the Steeplechase Society are in force, was under the necessity of disposing of his establishment, consisting of buildings, at the above named place, and twenty-two horses. In May, 1867, M. Arthur Aguado, who had just attained his majority, became the purchaser for the sum of 260,000 francs, through the agency of M. Hermes, who acted on behalf of M. Aguado, and subsequently took the stable under his management, and in a few months was completely ruined.

ARRIVAL OF WESTERN RACE HORSES AT SECAUCUS.—Last week the Southern Ohio stable of MESSRS. Connell and Harness, trained by E. Thompson, arrived at the Secaucus Course, and will there train for their engagements. The stable comprises General Duke, Bayonet, Luxemburg, Vauxhall and two 2 year olds by Lexington.

RACING IN ENGLAND.

The Newmarket Spring Meeting—Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas Races—The Great Match Between the Derby and Ceasarwitch Winners—The Latest Betting on the Derby—The Great Northern Handicap at York.

By recent arrivals we have received our files of the English sporting journals, containing full details of the Newmarket Spring Meeting, with its two important three year old events, the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas, as well as the memorable match for $5,000, between Hermit, the winner of the Derby, and Julius, the victor in the Ceasarwitch Stakes. The meeting commenced on Monday, April 27th, and continued over five days. The attendance on Tuesday, the Two Thousand Guineas day, was larger than was ever witnessed before, thousands of spectators being present on the vast heath on which the race is run. The first race of importance was the Prince of Wales' Stake, a handicap over the Rowley mile (1 mile 17 yards) and was won by Kingsland, a 3 year old, by Young Melbourne, by a head, beating Silenus (second) and sixteen others. The Spring Stakes was won by Sir Joseph Hawley's 3 year old colt, Blue Gown, carrying the welter weight of 126lbs., (a weight which would horrify the trainers of this country, who strongly protest against their three year olds carrying 90lbs., on the ground that such weight is excessive), and giving the second, Naivete, also a three year old, 22lbs., and beating her by a head. Knight of the Garter won the 100 sovs. plate, beating Baron Rothschild's Derby horse Suffolk, (second), and four others. Black Flag, a smart looking filly by Buccaneer (decidedly the most successful stallion of the time) won the Marden Plate for two year olds, carrying 119lbs., and landing the odds of 100 to 7 bet against her very cleverly. Brigantine, another appropriately named daughter of the same magnificent sire, won the sweepstakes for two year olds in a common canter; and the Earl received forfeit in his match for £200 from Scesaw. On the second day Witchcraft, or three year old filly by St. Albans, won a 100 sovs. plate from a field of seventeen competitors, and Lozenge, the Cambridgeshire winner, beat Knight of the Garter, (on whom 100 to 30 was laid) Mr. Pitt and The Parson, very cleverly by a head. Then came the great event of the meeting, and as this race is a memorable one we publish the details.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEA STAKES; a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h ft, for three year olds; colts 8st 10lbs., fillies 8st 5lbs; the second saved his stake; R. M. dm 17 yds.); 101 subs.

Mr. Crawford's br c Moslem, by Knight of St. Patrick, 8st 10lbs	Chaloner	+ w. o.
G. Jones's ch f Formosa, by Buchaneer, 8st 5lbs	Fordham	1
Mr. Chaplin's ch c 8t. Ronan, by St. Albans, 8st 10lbs	Custance	3
Duke of Newcastle's ch c Pace, by St. Albans, 8st 10lbs	Daly	0
Duke of Newcastle's ch c Harvester, by Stockwell, 8st 10lbs	Aldcroft	0
Sir J. Hawley's b f Green Sleeve, by Beadsman, 8st 5lbs	French	0
Sir J. Hawley's b c Rosicrucian, by Beadsman, 8st 10lbs	Wells	0
Sir F. Johnston's b c Banditto, by Buccaneer, 8st 10lbs	Parry	0
T. V. Morgan's ch c Chelsea, by King of Trumps 8st 10lbs	Snowden	0
Count F. de Lagrange's b c Le Sarrazin, by Monarque, 8st 10lbs	Grimshaw	0
Mr. Merry's ch c Sunstroke, by Thormanby, out of Sunflower, 8st 10lbs	Cannon	0
Baron Rothchild's b c King Alfred, by King Tom, 8st 10lbs	Norman	0
Lord Stamford's b c Vale Royal, by Stockwell, 8st 10 lbs	J. Mann	0
Mr. Beadman's b c Ironmaster, by Thormanby, 8st 10lbs	Clement	0

Betting at starting—11 to 4 agst Green Sleeve, 3 to 1 agst Formosa, 9to 1 each agst Lee Sarrazin, Vale Royal and Rosicrucian, 100 t; 8 each agst St. Ronan and Pace, 100 to 7 agst Moslem,and 50 to 1 each agst Harvester, Banditto, Chelsea, Sunstroke, and Ironmaster. The fourteen runners reaching the post with military punctuality, they were despatched without a failure to a beautiful start, the lot stretching across the course in an uneven line. Although the pace was fair at the beginning, it was nothing extraordinary, as the horses were all of a heap to the bushes. were the tailing commenced. To the dismay of his backers, Vale Royal was dead settled on the crest of the hill, and dropped right away from the ruck, with Sunstroke and Ironmaster. The next to retire in very rapid succession were King Alfred (who had shown fine speed), Chelsea, Banditto, and Harvester, the disappointed Pace, and Le Sarrazin also beating a retreat making the descent. St. Ronan was now left to uphold the honor of Newmarket, but could never get near until Green Sleeve and Rosicrucian in turn seated the fate of the fond believers in Sir Joseph Hawley, whereupon Mr. Chaplin's "two thousand guinea yearling" stole up inch by inch, and gained the much-coveted place money. The final issue, however, was confined to Moslem and Formosa, who had been making joint running from the start, the colt trying the cutting down game for the last quarter of a mile, and Fordham holding the champion of the weaker sex together for a final effort, which he made fifty yards from the post, the set-to, worthy of the jockeys who had fought out a stubborn Derby and Leger before, resulting in a dead heat. Four lengths off St Ronan, squeezed to the end, secured third place, about a neck in advance of Green Sleeve, with Rosicrucian close up fifth, and King Alfred, under the judge's box, and Harvester head and head next. Then came Chelsea, Pace, La Sarrazin, and Banditto, pulling up in a cluster, Sunstroke, Vale Royal, and Ironmaster being the last. Run in 1 min 52½ sec.

Immense excitement followed the judge's verdict, it being the first time a dead heat has occured in the annals of the Two Thousand race. As already noted, St. Ronan obtained the much-coveted place for which he had been backed by his owners to win £3,000. At first a notice was posted to the effect that the dead heat would be run off a quarter of an hour after the last race, but matters were afterwards arranged otherwise, it being eventually agreed upon that Moslem should walk over and divide stakes with Formosa.

On Wednesday, the third day, although the greatest number of races ever before run in one day at Newmarket came off, there being no fewer than thirteen events, yet the only races of interest were the Prince of Wales Stake of 150 sovs. each for four year olds, 175 subscribers, won by Mr. Bowes, Taraban; the 100 sovs. Plate for 3 year olds, won by Uncas; the Newmarket Two Year Old Plate, won by Byzantine, (a daughter of Buccaneer, who had won a race on the first day) beating seventeen others; a 50 sovs. sweepstakes won by Blue Gown, beating Leonie; a sweepstakes won by Haymaker, a 3 year old by Leamington, now in this country, and the match for £1,000 over the two middle miles, between Julius and Hermit; the former carrying 122lbs. and the latter 121lbs. The betting was 105 to 100 on Julius, who cantered along with a two lengths lead until fairly entering the copse, when Hermit began to creep up and had got on terms with Julius fifty yards from home, when he stopped like a shot, and, sticking his toes in the ground, was beaten by two lengths. On alighting from the Hermit, Custance found the horse's mouth partially filled with blood, having evidently ruptured a small blood vessel.

The fourth day was distinguished by the One Thousand Guinea Race, as well as other sensational events, the most noticeable of which was the easy victory of Vale Royal over Laneret (on whom the odds of 6 to 4 were betted), Hippia and three others, in a 100 sovs. plate. Lord Stamford, their owner of Vale Royal, did not back him for a shilling, although 10 to 1 was laid against him, as the horse had so greatly disappointed him in the Two Thousand that he merely started him with a stable boy up to see how he would perform in public a second time. We give details of

THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKE, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h ft, for three year old fillies; 8st 10lb each; the second saved her stake; D. M., 71 subs.

Mr. Jones' ch f, Formosa, by Buccaneer, 8st 10lb	Fordham	1
Mr. Padwick's ch f, Athena, by Stockwell, 8st 10lb	Gannon	2
M. Dawson's ch f, Lady Coventry, by Thormanby, 8st 10lb	Daley	3
Lord Alleburn's ch f, Franchise, by Stockwell, 8st 10lb	Chaloner	0
Lord Glasgow's ch f, Sister to Ascham, by Toxophilite, 8st 10lb	Custance	0
G. Holmes' br f, Virtue, by Stockwell, 8st 10lb	Snowden	0
Mr. Naylor's ch f, Lady Highthorn, by Stockwell, 8st 10lb	French	0
Mr. Watt's br f, Mysotis, by Newminster, 8st 10lb	Morris	0

Betting.—11 to 10 on Formosa, 11 to 4 against Lady Coventry, 10 to 1 against Athena, 100 to 7 against Franchise, and 100 to 3 against any other. Punctual to time the flag was lowered the first time of asking, Formosa at once taking command, with Athena second, Franchise third, and Lady Coventry fourth, Virtue and Lady Highthorn occupying the extreme right and left-hand berths. They ran without change for half a mile, when the race was left to the three placed, of whom Lady Coventry hung out signals of distress, and swerved behind, Formosa entering the cords, and although Athena looked dangerous to the half distance, she died away when the pinch came, and the favorite easily shook her off by three lengths, the same between second and third. Lady Highthorn finished fourth, Virtue fifth, Franchise sixth, the Sister to Ascham seventh, and Mysotis last. Run in 1min. 45sec. Net value of the stakes, 3,750 sovs. Formosa's party again threw in for another rare stake, having supported the mare for a bet of money both before and after the Two Thousand Guineas. She belongs to a Mr. Gaaham, a partner in the famous firm of gin distillers in London—Nicholson & Co.—and who also owns Regalia, the winner of the Oaks in 1865; she is in the Oaks but not the Derby. Mr. Cookson, of Neasham, who formerly owned her great sire Buccaneer, must now keenly regret having ever allowed him to quit England for foreign shores, having sold him to the Austrian Government, for his stud career has been one continued blaze of triumph

On the fifth day the racing was comparatively unexciting after the absorbing interest attached to the previous days. Hermit paid forfeit to The Palmer in their match for £500: that between Blue Gown and St. Ronan was off by consent, and The Earl walked over for the Newmarket Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 21 subs., dividing the money with Blue Gown.

The betting on the Chester Cup was characterized by an extraordinary movement connected with Paul Jones, about whom an unlimited commission was evidently out. At Newmarket, on the 2,000 guineas day, the commissioner accepted 1,200 to 200, 1,000 to 200, 500 to 200 twice, and 900 to 200 in quick succession, while the *furore* next day was still greater, £1,000 being laid out on him at 3 to 1, and £500 even that he got a place. The day after he was backed, for all the money that could be obtained, at a fraction over two to one—a price wholly without precedent for the Chester Cup favorite a week before the race. That the horse must have been bred in a most extraordinarily high manner is evident—he being reported to be 16lbs. better than Mariner, and beat Orion for speed—and the result shows the trial was perfectly true, for the Cable last week informed us he had won the race Dolby, who won this race in 1865 and 1866, was backed at 10 to 1, as was Beauty, also, at the same odds. Stradbroke was backed to win some thousands, at all prices down to 100 to 8, as well as at evens against other horses to a large amount. Abergeldie, Seville and Bracken were at 10 to 1 each. Goodwood—who the Cable informs us ran second—was introduced into the market at 50 to 1.

The Derby betting has, of course, been influenced by the results of the 2,000 and 1,000 guineas races. The immediate effect of the former race was to inspire the backers of John Day's stable with increased confidence, and 5 to 2 was taken to a large amount about Lady Elizabeth, and 900 to 400 wanted about John Day's lot. On Friday the Danebury Queen began to decline a little, and 700 to 200 was laid several times, while The Earl increased in favor, 1,000 to 70 being taken about him. There does not appear to be any foundation for the hostility against Lady Elizabeth in her condition, as she is doing her work regularly and satisfactorily. The manner in which Rosicrucian ran in the 2,000 gs., although far from being up to the mark, induces his friends to hope he may yet be sufficiently improved to win the Derby, and 7 to 1 is the highest offer against him. Blue Gown is backed at 11 to 1, Tom Bowling at 15 to 1 and Paul Jones 30 to 1. The commission to back the last named horse, the Chester Cup winner, opened on the night before the One Thousand Guineas; £4,000 to 100 was first booked, then 15,000 to £500, and 3,000 to 100 twice; after this 1,000 to 40 was accepted several times, so that in the aggregate he must have been backed to win over $150,000. There was no betting on the Great Northern Handicap, for which Paul Jones had been heavily backed the week before, and which we learn from the cable telegraph was won by Fortunio.

CANINE CONTROVERSY.—The Butchertown pit, Louisville, Ky., was the scene of a dispute between Jack Brown's dog Ben and the celebrated dog Prince, the former scoring victorious after a good fight lasting nineteen minutes, Ben, although lame in one foot, coming out of the struggle with scarcely a mark. Jack has an excellent stock of canines, coons, wild cats and game cocks at Sportsman's Hall. His rat pit is the first one established in that city and he will shortly treat the boys to some sport in the way of a champion rat killing match.

MATCH AT SHUFFLEBOARD.—On Friday evening, 15th inst., a match at the ancient Scotch game of shuffleboard was played at King's Court, on West Forty-first street, between Capt. Tom Shallon and Billy Chambers, 30 points up, for $10 a side. There was an extensive assemblage of admirers of the pastime present, as well as many others who were curious to see how it was played. The exhibition on both sides was brilliant, but Chambers proved the more skillful, the score standing at the conclusion as follows:—Chambers, 30; Shallon, 27.

PEDESTRIANISM.

John Oddy Walks Seven and One-Quarter Miles in 58 Minutes 38 Seconds.

The announcement that the youthful English pedestrian, John Oddy, would again attempt the feat of walking seven and one-quarter miles, fair heel and toe, inside of sixty minutes (the slippery nature of the track compelling him to withdraw on the third mile of his first essay), had the effect of attracting a pretty strong muster of the sporting fraternity and others to the Suffolk Park Course, in the City of Brotherly Love, on Monday, May 11th. Young Oddy commenced his career as a pedestrian by capturing a silver cup in a handicap race when but sixteen years of age, and shortly afterwards was matched against J. Meadows to walk one mile for £10, which he pulled off with ease. He next walked against Olmsbury, a seven mile match, for £50, in which he also proved victorious by one yard. His friends then matched him against Honas, of Lambeth, for £10 a side, the latter receiving a quarter of a minute start in two miles, and being vanquished with consummate ease. In a two mile dash with Brooks, who had half a minute start, he lost by ten yards, and easily defeated Harrison in a seven mile brush for £30, Harrison being allowed one minute start. His next triumph was achieved at the Middlesex Cricket Ground, where he defeated thirty competitors in a handicap race. He subsequently forced Baker to succumb in a match for £40, four miles, giving his antagonist half a minute start, and never being extended. His next and last appearance in public, prior to leaving England for this country, was in a two mile match with Peter Dunn, for £60, the latter, although having one minute start, being badly defeated. Oddy is of medium stature, of a light, lathe-like build, is very youthful in appearance, being but eighteen years old, and to look at him with his clothes on no one but a *connoisseur* would imagine him capable of performing a task requiring the possession of such extraordinary powers of speed and endurance. At the hour appointed he came upon the track, accompanied by his trainer, James Smith—likewise a ped. of considerable repute, and said to be a clipper at a quarter of a mile distance—and after the selection of referee, judges, etc., the word was uttered, and Oddy bounded away with an elastic step and tremendous stride, going at a spanking pace, though still walking fairly, and finishing the first mile in the very fast time of seven minutes, fifteen seconds. He glided along, with scarcely any noticeable abatement of speed, mile after mile, until he completed his journey, with one minute and twenty-two seconds to spare. He showed little signs of fatigue, and was loudly cheered by the assemblage as he came in several yards in front of his nearest rival, a fiver a piece as a token of their admiration for his abilities, and an acknowledgment that he had honestly won the money pendent on the affair We give the time for each mile as reported by the time-keepers, Jno. Bradbury and James Matley:—

Mile.	M. S.	Total.
First	7:15	7:15
Second	7:28	14:43
Third	7:35	22:19
Fourth	8:20	30:19
Fifth	8:30	38:19
Sixth	8:20	46:38
7th and ¼	12:10	58:38

CHAMPION ONE MILE HANDICAP RACE.

A VERY CLOSE CONTEST.

On Saturday, April 25th, the Royal Oak Park Grounds, Manchester, Eng., the scene of so many brilliant pedestrian contests between the celebrated clippers of the Old World, was visited by about one thousand persons, the special attraction offered being a one mile race, on handicap terms, for a challenge cup and money prizes, between the following renowned peds.:—R. McKinstray, Glasgow, scratch; R. Hindle, Paisley, 10 yards start; A. Bird, Sheffield, 20; and F. Hewitt, formerly of London, but now of Sheffield, 35. The weather was everything that could be desired. Previous to starting betting was as follows:—5 to 4 on Bird, 5 to 4 agst Hindle, 5 to 1 agst Hewitt, and 6 to 1 agst McKinstray. The course was in the condition, and required to be traversed twice with the addition of 458 yards to complete the mile. All the competitors were in rattling fettle. A good start was effected by the report of a pistol, and on passing the stand the first time Hewitt was still in front, Bird second, the Scotchman third, and Hindle last. Entering the next lap, McKinstray improved his position, and before reaching the chimney turn held the lead, with Bird second, Hindie third and Hewitt last. In this order they kept till the end of the second time. Hindle further on Scotia's representative drew forward, and going along the back stretch held a commanding lead; but immediately afterwards the pace was forced, and Hewitt, coming from the rear, passed Hindle, and roundin g the chimney turn, secured the second place. Well within the Newton Heath end of the course Hewitt supplanted McKinstray, and thus assumed the lead, whilst the Scotchman dropped behind, leaving Bird second and Hindle third. Approaching the turn into the straight the race lay between Hewitt and Bird, the former entering the straight a yard in front. Bird then made a grand effort, and succeeded in getting at Hewitt's heels, but he took the inside position next to the rails, and Hewitt, swerving in the same direction, Bird was unable to pass him, Hewitt winning by twelve inches, amidst great excitement. Hindle finished twenty yards behind Bird, McKinstray ceasing to persevere down the straight. The prizes were—first, the Cup and £25; second, £10; third, £5. Starter Ford refereed, and Mr. Holden timed. Time, 4m. 21 sec. Immediately the referee's decision became known a great uproar ensued, Bird's party claiming the race on the ground of a cross; and certainly, had Hewitt kept his own course, Bird would unquestionably have won, as he was quite strong at the finish, whilst Hewitt was fearfully distressed. The time, it will be observed, is two and one half seconds quicker than that made in the previous race on Good Friday, at the City Grounds, when Fleet defeated McKinstray, Nuttall and Rogers.

SCOTT VERSUS MCBTTUCK.—The second deposit of $200 a side in the 100 mile walking match, between these men, was duly placed in the hands of the stakeholder, John B. McCue, on Tuesday, 12th inst., agreeable to stipulation, both parties being prompt to time with their money. Quite a gathering of interested parties were present, and many bets at even were offered and accepted on the result. Both men have gone into active training and are working earnestly, and each is confident of success. Numerous wagers on time have been made, some giving it as their opinion that the men will not walk the distance in less than twenty-eight hours, while others are anxious to accept odds on the twenty-four. Increased interest is manifested in the result, it being, we believe, the longest distance match ever entered into between men in New England. Both men are enthusiasts in athletics, and this match has given an impetus to field sports in that vicinity which will be productive of much good to the community at large. The modes of training adopted by each man differ widely. Scott having been a trainer for many years, and having looked after the interests of some of the best athletes in that section of the country, will doubtless go to the vigorous old system, compelling anybody who selected him for a mentor to perform any quantity of hard work, regarding daily tramp of thirty miles as a necessity. This method his youthful adversary looks upon as a bubble which has long since burst, and has adopted a lighter system, which he claims to be far superior to the other, and calls attention to the proficiency in athletics which he has acquired by his own method. Instead of walking fifty he never travels more than twenty-five miles daily, always training within the limits of his powers, and never allowing exhaustion to creep upon him. His ordinary weight is 145 lbs., and he intends to walk at 140 lbs. He was matched on Friday, 15th inst., for a half century, to jump 11 feet, spirit-level, being allowed three attempts to accomplish the distance; the trial is to take place within a week. Scotty, on a wager that he could not accomplish the distance in 6 minutes, last week, it is stated, ran around the outside of Boston Common (1½ miles) within 5 minutes and 46 seconds. Quite a number were present, although the match was made but a few hours previous, and considerable money changed hands.

TWELVE MILE WALK BETWEEN AMATEURS.—On Saturday, May 16th, a walking match of twelve miles came off on the Richmond Club Race Course, Staten Island. The contestants were Messrs. C. E. Allyn, T. Duncan, E. C. Swayne and J. B. Meeks, of New York, employees of the publishing firm of Ticknor & Fields, all of whom are youthful light-weights, and have never before indulged in public pedestrianism. Although the affair was kept strictly private, quite a number of friends had gathered on the course to see the trial. At four minutes past three o'clock, P. M., the referee gave the word and the four made a good start. Meeks quickly took the lead, with Duncan next, Swayne third, and Allyn fourth. On the sixth mile, Swayne, who had previously passed Duncan, challenged and took the lead from Meeks, and eventually came home first in two hours, ten minutes, five seconds; Meeks second, in 2:17.34; Duncan third, in 2:23.24; Allyn fourth, in 2:27. The match was handsomely contested throughout, and all four of the competitors showed themselves amateurs of no mean pretensions in the pedestrian line. The best single mile was made by Meeks, in 9min. 7sec.; Duncan's best mile in 9min. 23sec.; Swayne's, 9m. 53sec.; Allyn's, 10min. 45sec. The best three miles were made by Meeks in 29:48; Swayne's best three miles, 30:27; Duncan's 32:02; allyn's, 34:40. The prizes were an elegant belt for the party making the twelve miles in the shortest time, won by Swayne; engraved copy of the agreement for the second man in, and for the one making the best three miles, a sewing machine. Meeks won the two last prizes. Judges, Messrs. Carlton and Wilder. Referee, A. D. Munson.

WESTONIA.—The long distance walker, E. P. Weston, is at present perambulating the New England States, displaying his pedal powers and regaling the credulous people thereof with stories of incident connected with his tramp from Maine to Illinois, which smack strongly of Munchausenism. On the evening of the 13th inst., Music Hall, Boston, MASS., was filled by masculine and feminine masticators of brown bread and baked beans, desirous of witnessing a display of pedestrianism across the border. They propose playing a number of games with foreign clubs, among others with that of Oswego, N. Y., who gave them

THE RETURNED VETERAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

One eve, returning from my daily labor,
I found a soldier on my front door stoop,
Reclining at full length, with spurs and sabre,
Surrounded by an idle, gaping group.

All scarred and bronzed by many fights and marches,
Unconsciously the toil-worn veteran slept—
For him were raised no grand, triumphal arches,
No nation tears of gladness o'er him wept.

Then with rebellious thoughts, and cheeks all burning,
Thus to myself indignantly I spake—
"O, Ancient Commonwealth! a poor returning
For this poor warrior's sacrifice you make!

While we at our hearths had ease and plenty,
Enjoyed our peaceful days and tranquil nights,
Forth in the pride of vigorous manhood went he
To battle for our Freedom and our rights.

Forth to the field of battle grim and bloody—
In Winter's cold, and Summer's stifling heat;
While we—we deftly clothed his back with shoddy,
And furnished pasteboard for his calloused feet!

And when the Future in the balance trembled—
A glorious Freedom or a living death—
At a safe distance, while the fabric crumbled,
We viewed the conflict with abated breath.

And now—Peace being won—the contest ended,
He turns once more to home and quiet ways;
Is *this* the kind reception you intended?
Is't *thus* you crown your warrior with bays?

O, cold, uncharitable, selfish city!
Thus it was always since the world began;
I drop a tear of shame, and grief, and pity,
And mourn the hollow heartedness of Man!

Sleep on, proud warrior—tired of wars and fighting—
Enjoy the peace your strong arm helped to win;
Forget in dreams th' ungrateful nation's slighting,
'Twill always be as it has always been!"

Just at that moment a policeman darted,
And seized the sleeping soldier by the arm;
At which I, virtuously indignant, started
And viewed the man's proceedings with alarm.

"Move on!" said he, and shook him by the shoulder;
"We can't have none of these 'ere vagrants here!"
"Give me," hiccoughed the recumbent soldier,
"Another pint, old fellow, of your beer."

"Take him," I shrieked, "sir, to the police station!"
And, as he did so, turning on my heel,
Ashamed of my late speech—in fact, oration—
I entered and attacked my evening meal.

BOSTON. J. H. B.

THE WHITE HAND;

OR,

THE JEWELED SNAKE.

PART THE THIRD.

THE LEFT HAND DRAWER.

CHAPTER XIX.

VENGEANCE.

"I shall see
The winged venger overtake such children."

"Help me to put him to bed," said Deverel; "send this moment for the doctor."

By this time the sick man's strength had entirely deserted him, and he lay helpless as a child. They lifted him into bed, still speechless, and applied all the restoratives which were to be procured. About two hours elapsed before the doctor put in an appearance, although they sent for him immediately, because when the message arrived he was absent from home attending upon some other patient.

The delay, however, happily had no serious result. Next morning, strange to say, the sick man was a little stronger, and calmer than he had been for some time. He had recovered the use of his voice, but still spoke with somewhat of a painful effort and in a low tone. While the doctor was sitting by his bedside, after a longish silence he looked up, and said suddenly:—

"Can you tell me where I can find a respectable solicitor? I want some important business done at once without loss of time."

The doctor was puzzled. He had not long resided in Harwich, and he had had no law business to attend to. But the sick man seemed so anxious, he said:—

"I think I do; shall I send some one?"

"Yes, to-day—as soon as possible."

When he went down stairs the doctor met Deverel, and mentioned the circumstance.

"Do you know any one?" asked the latter.

"Well, no; but I will try and find some one; I will make inquiries."

"But, as it happens, I can save you the trouble."

"That's fortunate."

"Very. I have to consult a legal gentleman this very morning about the railway accident—in fact, more on my friend Bagshaw's account than mine; but we mustn't let these fellows shake us up for nothing, eh, doctor?"

"Certainly not. So you'll introduce your friend to my patient, eh?"

"Yes, to be sure. By the way, you don't happen to know what sort of business it is? There are lawyers good for one sort of thing and not another—like doctors, you know."

"I've no idea, but I think I can make a shrewd guess. Something in the will way, I should think."

* * * * *

When the doctor had gone, Deverel and Esther consulted together.

"I know no lawyer, of course," he said; "what on earth is to be done? It's very sure we mustn't let in any prejudiced person. Any stranger, too, of the respectable solicitor style might, probably would, be dead against us. No; the only thing to be done is for one of us to go to Harwich and get hold of some poor devil of a lawyer's clerk whom we could make do what we think fit."

"Either of us might look for him; the question is which shall go? I almost think I'd better do so. He is so bitter against me now; he refused to see me this morning. If any one comes you might keep them away."

It was thus settled, and Esther having departed, Deverel kept watch. Within an hour she had returned. Deverel went out eagerly to meet her. She was not alone. An old gentleman was with her—Diggs. Deverel scowled and ground his teeth at the sight of him, but the other came forward smiling.

"Mrs. Bagshaw has told me that some legal assistance is required. May I speak to you both in here for a moment? We shall be better so than out in the passage."

When the door was shut he continued:

"It's natural, Jack, you should want the lion's share of this little swindle, only you really mustn't forget your old friends altogether. Share and share alike is a noble sentiment. I've been explaining the case to my dear Esther here; you must either save me as a friend or an enemy. If you don't let me work with you I'll work against you. Come, now."

"What do you mean by working? You want to look on and let us work, then bag the profits."

"Not at all. All your work up to now is thrown away if you don't mind your p's and q's. The old man wants a lawyer; why? to make a will. In whose favor? Some distant relation's, perhaps; or, more probably, a hospital or his old chapel. Who shall draw out that will? Why, no one. How's that to be prevented? leave that to me. My name's Dawson of Gray's Inn, and I'm a solicitor. Will you let me see the invalid gentleman if you please?"

* * * * *

Mr. Diggs found the sick man lying with his face turned towards the wall, moaning in a dismal way. When he turned round he presented a fearfully emaciated face, with deep sunken, dull looking eyes.

"The man's half dead," Diggs said to himself; "the thing will be easily managed."

Then looking at him again.

"He's nearly blind. He won't know what he is signing."

After many painful and wearisome delays the invalid was able to give his orders. It was as Mr. Diggs had said, to a hospital that Mr. Bagshaw wanted to leave the bulk of his money, making but a very scanty provision for his wife. Mr. Diggs was provided with pens, ink and paper, and in an extraordinary cramped and illegible handwriting filled a couple of large pages. When he had finished he said:

"Shall I read it through to you, sir?"

"But a lot of it! Yes—no; I—I'll read it myself."

He stretched out his shaking hand as he spoke to take the paper, but Mr. Diggs, coloring up very red, snatched it away.

"There—there's a slight informality. Half a moment. Humph! ah! bless me, I'm afraid I must do it again."

"No, no. Let me see what you have written."

Mr. Diggs was very confused.

"You shall see the next copy, sir—certainly. This is informal." And he began to tear it up. But the sick man snatched at it and read eagerly. He had only time to read a couple of lines, the meaning of which he but imperfectly comprehended. But he easily made out enough to see that the *sot disant* lawyer was cheating him for some reason, and writing the very reverse of what had been dictated. In a violent passion he started up in bed and shook his lean and clenched fist.

"Who are you to come here to practice some knavish tricks? Are you in the conspiracy with the rest? But I'll be even with you all: yes, every one. Get out of my house! Get out, I say get out!"

Mr. Diggs, as has before been remarked, was an awful coward. He gathered up his papers in abject fear and shuffled towards the door. Before he had got down stairs, however, the sick man had come out on the landing, where he was screaming hoarsely vows of vengeance.

The noise brought the servants out to listen, and a gentleman who had made a call, and was in the passage below, came towards the stairs to hear what was the matter. It was our old friend Mr. Wagstaffe, who had come to endeavor to obtain an interview with the lady of the house; and failing in that, was asking to see the master. This was an opening he had never looked for. He was not the man to lose so good a chance. Therefore, pushing past the servant at the door, he ran up stairs.

"My dear sir!" he cried, taking Bagshaw by the arm, "in mercy's name calm yourself. What has happened? Let me take you back to your room."

"Ah, Wagstaffe!" the sick man said, recognising the other after a momentary hesitation, "come in with me. Come in; I forgot you. I ought to have sent for you long ago. God forgive me!"

* * * * *

When Mr. Diggs got down stairs, he described the interview which had taken place and the result, rather glossing over the enormity of the blunders he had committed. But his hearers placed the just value on his explanation, and were furious.

"You've ruined all!" cried Deverel, fiercely. "There's no good your stopping much longer, I think, if it's with the idea there will be any swag to divide."

And after a furious altercation old Diggs retired, vowing vengeance. Then Deverel turned to his accomplice.

"There is no time to be lost now. You know what to do."

She understood perfectly, although no more was said on either side. An hour afterwards she was busy at the left-hand drawer.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Bagshaw and his old friend were alone together, with pens, ink and paper.

"You swear, then, you will help me?" said the sick man.

"After what you have told me of—of this woman's diabolical career, neither you nor I should have any pity for her. I have none; and I will have revenge. You will help me, then?"

"Willingly—but how?"

"Write what I dictate. You shall be well paid for the trouble. Write."

Then Wagstaffe wrote, pausing now and then to look up, with a white, terrified face.

"Good God!" he cried at last; "can this be possible? What a revenge!"

CHAPTER XX.

DEATH.

"It comes—it wrings me in my parting hour,
The long hid crime, the well disguised guilt."

Whilst they were still busy the nurse knocked at the door with the medicine. It was a new bottle the doctor had just sent, and Mrs. Bagshaw had given it to the servant on the stairs. Bagshaw however, did not take his physic until the work was done and Wagstaffe had taken his departure. Then the nurse was admitted and he swallowed a dose.

"You may leave me now," he said. "I want to go to sleep a little while."

She had left him about half an hour or so when the bell rang violently, and she hurried back in a fright to know what had occurred. When she reached the room Bagshaw was speechless and in convulsions, evidently suffering the most acute torture. The doctor was immediately sent for; and when he came he pronounced the patient dying. The nurse asked if it was sudden.

"No, no. I thought another fit would probably come on. Yet he might have lasted a few days longer."

The dying man was during this still speechless. He lay thus several hours. Mrs. Bagshaw sat silently by the bedside. Deverel was in a room below, asking every moment how went the patient's illness. At last the dying man surprised the watchers by breaking the tedious silence.

"Where's my wife?"

"I'm here, dearest."

"That will do. Don't touch me. Where is he?"

"Who?"

"He down stairs—Deverel?"

They sent for him.

"The rest go out of the room. I have something to say to you."

Wondering very much, the doctor withdrew in company with the nurse. The dying man waited until the door was closed, then he said:

"Are we three alone?"

"Yes," replied the wife, looking anxiously from one face to another.

"It will be as well if you make certain of that before I say what I have to say."

Deverel went to the door and looked out on the landing. There were no listeners at hand; and he said as much when he came back. The dying man, with great difficulty and apparently a good deal of pain, raised himself in bed, and motioned to his companions to come closer. His aspect, as he sat up half-naked, for he had torn away the fastenings of his shirt at the neck, was very horrible—more like that of a raging lunatic or a wild beast than a rational being. But he was evidently making violent efforts to be calm.

"I feel," he said, "that I have not very much longer to live. I know also that I shall not die quick enough for your wishes."

Neither of his hearers made any answer to this accusation, probably feeling denial was useless.

"I will be fairer to you than you would be to me," he said; "for I will tell you what you have to expect. It has been a fight between us, and so far you have conquered. But now my time has come to strike a blow, and I will give you warning how the blow shall fall."

They looked at one another uneasily, but were still silent.

"You cannot suppose that I have been so blind as not to know that you have been plotting against my life—that you have poisoned me?"

The wife here made a start, and seemed as though she would have denied the accusation; but the dying man motioned to her to be silent with an impatient wave of the hand.

"You thought me asleep when I was wakeful, blind when my eyes were widest open."

"These are but sick fancies," said Deverel. "Is that all you have to say, for time is precious?"

"I shall live long enough to say all that I have to say—to tell you what is going to be my revenge."

A violent spasm crossed his face at this moment, and something rose in his throat and seemed to choke him.

Deverel watched his sufferings with a fiendish smile, which perhaps the dying man noticed, for he spoke when he again got the use of his voice with all the vindictiveness of which he was capable.

"I will not argue with you the question of your guilt or innocence; I know you to be guilty. I know enough to make me wish for vengeance—and that is certain. Listen: you know Wagstaffe was here to-day. He was here to make my will."

He paused to see what effect the words would have. The listeners waited silently until he resumed:

"You think, perhaps, that I have thus cheated you of the property my death should bring you?"

Deverel smiled.

"I am afraid that the matter would not be settled quite as easily as you think," he said. "Your actions during your last illness have hardly been those of a sane person."

The dying man glared at him savagely.

"You mean, then, that the will would be disputed?"

"Most undoubtedly."

"By whom?"

"By your wife, unless it is to her whom you have left your property."

"In that case I can die at rest."

"I am glad you are so easily satisfied. When you are dead we can act."

The dying man, who had sunk back upon his pillow, rose in a fury at these words, and seemed as though he were going to utter some violent denunciation. Changing his mind, however, he laughed.

"What if I tell you that I *have* left my property to my wife?"

They stared at him in astonishment. An idea struck Esther.

"To me? Have you another wife?"

"I mean to you. I have left you all."

The conspirators looked at each other dumbfounded.

"He is mad," said Deverel.

"No," cried the dying man, "not mad; nor dead yet, either I shall yet have strength to tell you all."

With a great effort he cleared his throat again and spoke:—

"I have left you," he said, addressing his wife, "all that I possess in the world, except a small legacy to my old friend, Wagstaffe; but I have left it to you conditionally, Esther Strangeways."

At the name the guilty woman started and trembled, leaning against the wall for support. The dying man's eyes brightened and a smile played upon his white lips.

"Ah! you thought I knew nothing, but I know more than you imagine; and the man who was here awhile ago knows as much as I know. He knows that you and your accomplice there have murdered me, and he has agreed to help me in my vengeance.

"You wonder what that vengeance can be, and laugh to yourselves when you think that in a few hours more I shall be dead, and that then you can treat my last acts as those of a madman. One thing only have you to fear, as you fancy, and that is that I have given information to the police, and that they are even now on the road hither."

The guilty wretches showed plainly enough by their white faces that this had been what they most dreaded.

"Do not be alarmed on that score," continued Bagshaw; "I will tell you simply what are the conditions of my will, and then you will know exactly what you have to fear in the future. My will, then, gives all my property to this woman, Esther Strangeways, on condition that she marries you, John Deverel, within three weeks of my decease."

They listened in astonishment, but with no sign of pleasure.

"Failing in this, the money will go to Wagstaffe, who at the same time will at once institute inquiries respecting the cause of my death, and will place in the hands of the authorities a written statement signed by me, which I think will fix the crime upon you without leaving you a loop-hole of escape."

He had hardly uttered these words when another convulsion seized him, and, gasping for breath, he fell back upon the pillow.

Without heeding his sufferings the two conspirators stood silent and apart, brooding over their own thoughts. How had he learnt the inmost secret of their souls? How did he know that these cruel wretches, bound together by their chains of guilt, hated each other with a deadly hatred, which, were they compelled to pass the rest of their lives together, would have rendered that life unendurable?

A gurgling sound from the bed disturbed their reflections. Deverel bent over its occupant.

"He is gone, d—n him!" the ruffian said in a low, savage voice, as he turned away.

Then he and his future wife talked matters over quietly in the death-chamber of their victim.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XXI.

THE POISONED WINE

"Dire was his thought who first in poison steep'd
The weapon form'd for slaughter; direr his,
And worthier of damnation, who instill'd
The mortal venom in the social cup,
To fill the veins with death instead of life."

A month has elapsed. The marriage has taken place. The happy couple are on their wedding tour—the happy couple who, long before they were wed, loathed each other's society. The bridegroom with a contemptuous pity for his tool and dupe, the bride with a deadly hatred and eager longing for the moment when she could strike her accomplice down and free herself.

We are in a foreign country now, in a curiously picturesque toy-shop-looking hotel, seemingly hanging on to the side of one rugged mountain, whilst two others, one on either side, lean over and threaten it with an annihilating crash. Before the windows though, a lovely blue and green landscape, with here and there roseate and purple tints, which good untraveled English folks are only acquainted with in paintings of foreign places.

Our bride and bridegroom were not exactly supposed to be a newly-married pair, because the sharp eyes of waiters and chambermaids had not failed to notice that they were not quite so loving as those persons are whose married life has not yet lasted quite a month. But they were as amiable as most married people are, and they had plenty of money, and were much esteemed by the good host and hostess, and if they quarrelled at all, they did it when they were alone, not when there were servants in the room. When they were by themselves they were perhaps gloomy and taciturn enough. Yet sometimes they talked, as on this occasion.

"You have not much to complain of, it seems to me," said Esther. "You did very little work for your share of the plunder. You ran very little risk."

"We run equal risk now, at any rate. Every hour we are in danger of that man Wagstaffe turning against us."

"Is there any chance of that? When you saw him what was your impression?"

"It seemed to me that while it was worth his while to keep quiet he would do so; but we must have matters put upon a different footing. The evidence must be destroyed, and then we are safe."

"And how is that to be accomplished? Could we obtain possession of that paper Bagshaw caused to be written?"

"No chance of it. It is now lying sealed up in the iron safe of a London lawyer."

"And at any moment the seal may be broken?"

"May be, and will, you may depend upon it, directly Mr. Wagstaffe gets wind of our proposed separation."

"And what is to be done?"

"We are to separate, that is certain; we are agreed so far. We are to share the money fairly, that is agreed also; and the sum that old Bagshaw's property realises will be here to-morrow. Well, then, I'll tell you what is to be done. I said just now that we ran equal risks. I, however, will work for both. When we part I will return to England, and destroy all evidence of the crime."

"How?"

"By the most simple means—quicklime!"

* * * * * * * * *

A solicitor from London was expected next day at noon; and punctually at the time agreed upon he made his appearance with the money. He found the newly-married couple, to all appearances, upon most amiable terms with each other. He was liberally paid for his trouble, and departed.

Then Deverel and his wife agreed to take dinner together for the last time before they separated and went upon their separate ways in life. During some portion of the afternoon the wife had been busy packing. Whilst thus engaged she came upon a small ebony casket at the bottom of one of her boxes. Having glanced round to see that the door was closed behind her, she took this out and peeped at its contents. There were two little bottles inside, one of green and one of blue glass. The bottle of green glass bore on the outside the words:—

"ANTIDOTE: ONE HOUR."

"There will be no occasion for that," she said, as she turned it over in her hand; "perhaps it will be better destroyed."

However, upon reflection she did not destroy it, but thinking it carelessly back into the little casket, concealed the other bottle in her bosom. Later on in the day she was busily engaged sewing up in her dress her share of the money that she and Deverel had that morning divided immediately the lawyer had taken his departure. Whilst thus occupied, she once fancied she heard the door of communication between her bedroom and the drawing-room shaking slightly, and hurried towards it. Deverel was in the apartment, but at the other side of it, lolling in an arm chair, smoking.

"Was he spying me?" she thought. "Does he want to know where I have put the money? Well, the knowledge will not be of much service to him—presently."

* * * * * * * * *

It was a delightful little dinner which had been prepared for them, with choice wines and delicate dishes, and they ate and drank, and laughed gaily. Deverel fancied he had never known his companion look more beautiful. He had never been more witty and entertaining, and he had a great reputation as a good table companion.

"It seems almost a pity we must part, Esther, does it not?" he said, filling and emptying his champagne glass.

"Almost," she replied; "and yet we have tried two or three partnerships and found they did not answer."

"I never cared for any woman in the world," said her companion frankly; "but I care most for you."

"Your most is not enough, Jack," she answered, laughing. "I was fool enough to love you once, but I ought to have known better after the way you treated my poor sister—broke her heart and killed her, I believe."

"Perhaps so. Who knows?"

"It will all be known some time. You will have a pleasant day's reckoning."

"Perhaps so. Bah! I don't believe all that sort of thing, as you know."

"I wonder what you believe, or what crime would make you hesitate, Deverel? You are, I do believe, the most awful wretch and scoundrel that ever lived; if you were not, you would never have treated me in the way you did. After I had helped you to rob and drive into a madhouse that poor man Strangeways, no one else would have played their accomplice such a dastardly trick as you did, in drugging and robbing me, and leaving me destitute in a foreign country. However, we live and learn, and I know you now pretty well."

"All right, my dear; but the conversation seems to me to be taking an ill-natured turn; let us drink and be merry. Here, I will fill two bumpers, and we will drink to our future successes. You will marry again, I dare say."

"Perhaps so, when I've spent my money; and you, when you have squandered yours, will go back to your old trade of thief-teaching. Well, we won't quarrel. My love to you!"

Thus they chatted, a pretty pair of turtle-doves. The champagne flowed liberally.

"You don't drink," said Deverel.

"Not like you," she replied, laughing; "I have not quite such a strong head. By the way, there are no lady's fingers, are there?"

"Sponge cakes you mean?"

"Yes."

"No. O, ah!—over there, on the table. Shall I get them?"

"Thank you."

He rose and went to the side table. Scarcely had he turned his back, however, when Esther stretched her hand across the table, and noiselessly dropped the contents of the green vial into Deverel's glass. And this was done with the rapidity of lightning. When he returned to his place, she was leaning back in her chair, smiling sweetly. His face was deadly pale, but he too smiled. He handed her the sponge cakes, and taking up his wine-glass, held it to the light.

"I feel," he said, "that I have not very much longer to live. I know also that I shall not die quick enough for your wishes."

Neither of his hearers made any answer to this accusation, probably feeling denial was useless.

"I will be fairer to you than you would be to me," he said; "for I will tell you what you have to expect. It has been a fight between us, and so far you have conquered. But now my time has come to strike a blow, and I will give you warning how the blow shall fall."

They looked at one another uneasily, but were still silent.

"You cannot suppose that I have been so blind as not to know that you have been plotting against my life—that you have poisoned me?"

The wife here made a start, and seemed as though she would have denied the accusation; but the dying man motioned to her to be silent with an impatient wave of the hand.

"You thought me asleep when I was wakeful, blind when my eyes were widest open."

"These are but sick fancies," said Deverel. "Is that all you have to say, for time is precious?"

"I shall live long enough to say all that I have to say—to tell you what is going to be my revenge."

A violent spasm crossed his face at this moment, and something rose in his throat and seemed to choke him.

Deverel watched his sufferings with a fiendish smile, which perhaps the dying man noticed, for he spoke when he again got the use of his voice with all the vindictiveness of which he was capable.

"I will not argue with you the question of your guilt or innocence; I know you to be guilty. I know enough to make me wish for vengeance—and that is certain. Listen: you know Wagstaffe was here to-day. He was here to make my will."

He paused to see what effect the words would have. The listeners waited silently until he resumed:

"You think, perhaps, that I have thus cheated you of the property my death should bring you?"

Deverel smiled.

"I am afraid that the matter would not be settled quite as easily as you think," he said. "Your actions during your last illness have hardly been those of a sane person."

The dying man glared at him savagely.

"You mean, then, that the will would be disputed?"

"Most undoubtedly."

"By whom?"

"By your wife, unless it is to her whom you have left your property."

"In that case I can die at rest."

"I am glad you are so easily satisfied. When you are dead we can act."

The dying man, who had sunk back upon his pillow, rose in a fury at these words, and seemed as though he were going to utter some violent denunciation. Changing his mind, however, he laughed.

"What if I tell you that I *have* left my property to my wife?"

They stared at him in astonishment. An idea struck Esther.

"To me? Have you another wife?"

"I mean to you. I have left you all."

The conspirators looked at each other dumbfounded.

"He is mad," said Deverel.

"No," cried the dying man, "not mad; nor dead yet, either I shall yet have strength to tell you all."

With a great effort he cleared his throat again and spoke:—

"I have left you," he said, addressing his wife, "all that I possess in the world, except a small legacy to my old friend, Wagstaffe; but I have left it to you conditionally, Esther Strangeways."

At the name the guilty woman started and trembled, leaning against the wall for support. The dying man's eyes brightened and a smile played upon his white lips.

"Ah! you thought I knew nothing, but I know more than you imagine; and the man who was here awhile ago knows as much as I know. He knows that you and your accomplice there have murdered me, and he has agreed to help me in my vengeance.

"You wonder what that vengeance can be, and laugh to yourselves when you think that in a few hours more I shall be dead, and that then you can treat my last acts as those of a madman. One thing only have you to fear, as you fancy, and that is that I have given information to the police, and that they are even now on the road hither."

The guilty wretches showed plainly enough by their white faces that this had been what they most dreaded.

"Do not be alarmed on that score," continued Bagshaw; "I will tell you simply what are the conditions of my will, and then you will know exactly what you have to fear in the future. My will, then, gives all my property to this woman, Esther Strangeways, on condition that she marries you, John Deverel, within three weeks of my decease."

They listened in astonishment, but with no sign of pleasure.

"Failing in this, the money will go to Wagstaffe, who at the same time will at once institute inquiries respecting the cause of my death, and will place in the hands of the authorities a written statement signed by me, which I think will fix the crime upon you without leaving you a loop-hole of escape."

He had hardly uttered these words when another convulsion seized him, and, gasping for breath, he fell back upon the pillow.

Without heeding his sufferings the two conspirators stood silent and apart, brooding over their own thoughts. How had he learnt the inmost secret of their souls? How did he know that these cruel wretches, bound together by their chains of guilt, hated each other with a deadly hatred, which, were they compelled to pass the rest of their lives together, would have rendered that life unendurable?

A gurgling sound from the bed disturbed their reflections. Deverel bent over its occupant.

"He is gone, d—n him!" the ruffian said in a low, savage voice, as he turned away.

Then he and his future wife talked matters over quietly in the death-chamber of their victim.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XXI.

THE POISONED WINE

"Dire was his thought who first in poison steep'd
The weapon form'd for slaughter; direr his,
And worthier of damnation, who instill'd
The mortal venom in the social cup,
To fill the veins with death instead of life."

A month has elapsed. The marriage has taken place. The happy couple are on their wedding tour—the happy couple who, long before they were wed, loathed each other's society. The bridegroom with a contemptuous pity for his tool and dupe, the bride with a deadly hatred and eager longing for the moment when she could strike her accomplice down and free herself.

We are in a foreign country now, in a curiously picturesque toy-shop-looking hotel, seemingly hanging on to the side of one rugged mountain, whilst two others, one on either side, lean over and threaten it with an annihilating crash. Before the windows though, a lovely blue and green landscape, with here and there roseate and purple tints, which good untraveled English folks are only acquainted with in paintings of foreign places.

Our bride and bridegroom were not exactly supposed to be a newly-married pair, because the sharp eyes of waiters and chambermaids had not failed to notice that they were not quite so loving as those persons are whose married life has not yet lasted quite a month. But they were as amiable as most married people are, and they had plenty of money, and were much esteemed by the good host and hostess, and if they quarrelled at all, they did it when they were alone, not when there were servants in the room. When they were by themselves they were perhaps gloomy and taciturn enough. Yet sometimes they talked, as on this occasion.

"You have not much to complain of, it seems to me," said Esther. "You did very little work for your share of the plunder. You ran very little risk."

"We run equal risk now, at any rate. Every hour we are in danger of that man Wagstaffe turning against us."

"Is there any chance of that? When you saw him what was your impression?"

"It seemed to me that while it was worth his while to keep quiet he would do so; but we must have matters put upon a different footing. The evidence must be destroyed, and then we are safe."

"And how is that to be accomplished? Could we obtain possession of that paper Bagshaw caused to be written?"

"No chance of it. It is now lying sealed up in the iron safe of a London lawyer."

"And at any moment the seal may be broken?"

"May be, and will, you may depend upon it, directly Mr. Wagstaffe gets wind of our proposed separation."

"And what is to be done?"

"We are to separate, that is certain; we are agreed so far. We are to share the money fairly, that is agreed also; and the sum that old Bagshaw's property realises will be here to-morrow. Well, then, I'll tell you what is to be done. I said just now that we ran equal risks. I, however, will work for both. When we part I will return to England, and destroy all evidence of the crime."

"How?"

"By the most simple means—quicklime!"

* * * * * * * * *

A solicitor from London was expected next day at noon; and punctually at the time agreed upon he made his appearance with the money. He found the newly-married couple, to all appearances, upon most amiable terms with each other. He was liberally paid for his trouble, and departed.

Then Deverel and his wife agreed to take dinner together for the last time before they separated and went upon their separate ways in life. During some portion of the afternoon the wife had been busy packing. Whilst thus engaged she came upon a small ebony casket at the bottom of one of her boxes. Having glanced round to see that the door was closed behind her, she took this out and peeped at its contents. There were two little bottles inside, one of green and one of blue glass. The bottle of green glass bore on the outside the words:—

"ANTIDOTE: ONE HOUR."

"There will be no occasion for that," she said, as she turned it over in her hand; "perhaps it will be better destroyed."

However, upon reflection she did not destroy it, but thinking it carelessly back into the little casket, concealed the other bottle in her bosom. Later on in the day she was busily engaged sewing up in her dress her share of the money that she and Deverel had that morning divided immediately the lawyer had taken his departure. Whilst thus occupied, she once fancied she heard the door of communication between her bedroom and the drawing-room shaking slightly, and hurried towards it. Deverel was in the apartment, but at the other side of it, lolling in an arm chair, smoking.

"Was he spying me?" she thought. "Does he want to know where I have put the money? Well, the knowledge will not be of much service to him—presently."

* * * * * * * * *

It was a delightful little dinner which had been prepared for them, with choice wines and delicate dishes, and they ate and drank, and laughed gaily. Deverel fancied he had never known his companion look more beautiful. He had never been more witty and entertaining, and he had a great reputation as a good table companion.

"It seems almost a pity we must part, Esther, does it not?" he said, filling and emptying his champagne glass.

"Almost," she replied; "and yet we have tried two or three partnerships and found they did not answer."

"I never cared for any woman in the world," said her companion frankly; "but I care most for you."

"Your most is not enough, Jack," she answered, laughing. "I was fool enough to love you once, but I ought to have known better after the way you treated my poor sister—broke her heart and killed her, I believe."

"Perhaps so. Who knows?"

"It will all be known some time. You will have a pleasant day's reckoning."

"Perhaps so. Bah! I don't believe all that sort of thing, as you know."

"I wonder what you believe, or what crime would make you hesitate, Deverel? You are, I do believe, the most awful wretch and scoundrel that ever lived; if you were not, you would never have treated me in the way you did. After I had helped you to rob and drive into a madhouse that poor man Strangeways, no one else would have played their accomplice such a dastardly trick as you did, in drugging and robbing me, and leaving me destitute in a foreign country. However, we live and learn, and I know you now pretty well."

"All right, my dear; but the conversation seems to me to be taking an ill-natured turn; let us drink and be merry. Here, I will fill two bumpers, and we will drink to our future successes. You will marry again, I dare say."

"Perhaps so, when I've spent my money; and you, when you have squandered yours, will go back to your old trade of thief-teaching. Well, we won't quarrel. My love to you!"

Thus they chatted, a pretty pair of turtle-doves. The champagne flowed liberally.

"You don't drink," said Deverel.

"Not like you," she replied, laughing; "I have not quite such a strong head. By the way, there are no lady's fingers, are there?"

"Sponge cakes you mean?"

"Yes."

"No. O, ah!—over there, on the table. Shall I get them?"

"Thank you."

He rose and went to the side table. Scarcely had he turned his back, however, when Esther stretched her hand across the table, and noiselessly dropped the contents of the green vial into Deverel's glass. And this was done with the rapidity of lightning. When he returned to his place, she was leaning back in her chair, smiling sweetly. His face was deadly pale, but he too smiled. He handed her the sponge cakes, and taking up his wine-glass, held it to the light.

"What a lovely color," he said, in a dreamy tone. "See how the sunshine sparkles on it. Is it not beautiful?"

"Very," replied his companion.

Then Deverel raised the glass to his lips, and the woman followed his movements with a strange and eager gaze. But suddenly he paused, and replaced the glass upon the table. Esther grew a trifle paler, and her smile was more forced.

"It seems really a great pity we can't be friends," said Deverel. "I own I have acted like a scoundrel, and yet, do you know, in spite of all that, I still believe you have a sort of liking for me. Come, now, let us drink to our next meeting."

There might have been a terrible significance about these words if they were meant. Esther, however, replied:—

"With pleasure."

Then Deverel raised the glass again, and his lips touched the wine. Esther, imitating him, trembled violently, in spite of her efforts to be calm, and her teeth rattled against the edge of the glass. Again Deverel paused.

"Do you know I've got a funny fancy in my head?" he said. "I would give a score of pounds to know your real thoughts. Now there is an old woman's story which says that if one drinks out of a friend's glass, one shall know his thoughts. Let's change, and I may learn yours."

The woman's hand trembled more than ever, and her face was deadly white. Then, before she could resist, Deverel took her glass from her, and, pushing her his, drank the contents of the former with one gulp. The would-be murderess, defeated and half dead with terror, clung convulsively to her chair.

"Esther," her companion said, "do you know that to see you so agitated one would almost be tempted to believe that you had meditated foul play, and put poison into this glass?"

The woman shivered as a corpse might do under a galvanic battery.

"Poison!" she repeated in a choking voice, "you're mad! Do you accuse me?"

"Not I; I don't think you such a fool as that. Besides, you can prove your innocence at once by drinking the wine."

"Drinking it?"

"To be sure."

"I—I—do not care for it."

He laughed sardonically.

"Care or not, you must oblige me. It is a whim of mine," and he held the glass towards her. "Why," he said, in a low, savage tone, "if you do not do so I *shall* believe you guilty, and then—*I shall cut your throat!*"

At that moment a thought crossed Esther's mind. Had she not got the antidote? Then she smiled in the man's face, saying:—

"Will this satisfy you?" and drained the glass.

Deverel at first looked astounded, then with a low laugh he said:—

"Rather you than me! There's something in it that will do you no good if it is not poison. I saw you pour it in. I saw you fill that looking-glass when I was getting the sponge cakes. Something to stupify me, perhaps, was it, so that you might help yourself to the other half of the money?"

As he spoke he leant back in his chair and lighted a cigar. His words vibrated in her ears, but they were almost meaningless, for there was a strange buzzing in her head. A terrible thought, too, occupied her mind, absorbing her, body and soul, under its powerful thraldom. She knew that within an hour, if she must be saved, the antidote must be taken. Her eyes were riveted upon the face of the clock standing upon the mantelpiece.

The moments were flying fast, and already she felt a vague sense of heaviness, which made her blood flow slowly and sluggishly through her veins. Was her death agony commencing? She could not withdraw her gaze from the clock face. Her eyes followed with awful fear the movements of the minute hand. A quarter of an hour had passed. Deverel still smoked, and was apparently wrapped in thought. Presently looking over at her, he fancied that a curious change had taken place in her face. She had just risen from her seat, and was staggering unsteadily.

"What now?" he asked. What ails you? I was right then?"

"Yes," she hissed out betwixt her set teeth; "I have killed myself with what should have murdered you."

He rose with a savage oath, and struck her in the face with so violent a blow, that she fell as if dead at his feet. Then with his brain in a whirl, he glanced around, wondering what he should do next. He looked at the clock. It wanted two hours and more of the time the diligence started by which they had intended to travel to the nearest large town, where they could separate unnoticed.

If it were true what she said—and how could he doubt her?—it would be best for him to make his escape before her death became known, or he would be detained, perhaps given into custody, and accused of her murder. Why should he not run for it? He carried nothing of his portmanteau. All the money was safe on his person. But her share? He stooped down and tore open the bosom of her dress. Then with a penknife cut free the treasure.

Then he turned to fly. At that moment some traveling carriage drove into the courtyard of the hotel, and the sound of several voices was audible. Deverel went to the window. It was not more than ten feet from the ground. He cleared the distance easily with a spring, and next moment was flying across country.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE RED HARVEST MOON;

OR,

Tricks of the Reapers.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

[Before starting on the perusal of the following extraordinary document, we wish our readers to distinctly understand that we do not vouch for its entire correctness; in fact there are certain passages which we cannot bring ourselves to credit. With these brief remarks, we leave the whole matter to the reader's sense of credibility.—ED. CLIPPER.]

In the county of P—, state of V—, was formed a club known as the "Harvest Moon Club." No one was admitted as a member but a reaper of sound mind and healthy body. Character was not so much a recommendation for membership as a knowledge of handling the scythe, cradle and sickle. Dexterity in the use of these farming instruments was an essential requisite to be admitted to the club. The secrets of the harvest field were imparted to the members by the oldest reaper in the county, and when the grain became of a golden tint and the full moon of the season glow, then the members were called together, and the full, ripe grain went down before the glittering blades of the reapers, invited to attend the harvest feast that follows the end of the mowing season, with a friend, I visited the largest farm in the county, where the members had assembled to display their wonderful trick in the athletic, wrestling, and gymnastic arts. A large crowd had gathered to witness their mysterious performances. There were some sixty members present, dressed in full suits of nankeen, and wearing close fitting caps of the same color. When we arrived in the large and level stubble field, we found the reapers all arranged in a row, with their faces towards the east, and the big, round, red harvest moon lifting its tremendous globe of glowing splendor above the tall oak trees. The master of ceremonies, the tallest and stoutest member in the club, advanced from the ranks, and bowing with a slow and very low bending of the body, until his forehead nearly touched the ground, exclaimed, as he retained the same attitude:—"All hail to fair Luna, Queen of the Harvest kingdom. Let us ascend and welcome her return to mother earth."

We now returned to the ranks, and I saw one man jump upon his shoulders, and then followed another man, who jumped on the shoulders of the second man and stood erect, and then a fourth man followed and stood upon the shoulders of the third man, and so they continued to ascend upon the shoulders of one another until ninety-nine stood erect in the air, the topmost man being five hundred and ninety-four feet from the earth on which the feet of the first man were resting. And the shadow of these men was cast on the face of the earth to the distance of five miles. And the first man spoke:—

"Welcome, welcome to Luna, goddess of the night and queen of the harvest field," and it was repeated by the second and third man, and so it was spoken by all of them in the ascending line, until their voices were lost in the great distance on high.

"What see you above on the pinnacle of human greatness?" asked the first speaker, and again the voices seemed to climb and struggle up in the air until

THE OLD SONGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I cannot sing the old songs,
The songs of long ago;
Whene'er I undertake it
The bitter tears *will* flow.
I cannot sing the old song
I heard my sister sing—
I cannot bear the memories
Of old lang syne they bring.

I cannot sing the old songs;
Likewise, I can't the new—
The reason why, I shortly
Communicate to you;
It really is no wonder
The bitter tears *will* fall,
Whene'er I try those old songs,
For—I cannot sing at all. J. H. B.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT gives tone to society? The belles.

WHY are ships feminine? Because they are manned.

WHEN is a window like a star? When it is a sky-light.

WHAT is the first thing a young lady looks for in church? The hims.

WHY are old maids the most charming of people? Because they are matchless.

WHY are the French cooks so successful in dressing horseflesh? Because they have a knacker doing it.

WHAT is the difference between editors and matrimonial experience? In the former, the devil cries for "copy." In the latter, the "copy cries like the devil."

BREVITIES.

BOURBON is a wonderful drink. It makes a man fat, and lean too.

To live is a gift, to die is a debt; this life is only a prelude to eternity.

IF is the perfection of happiness neither to wish for death nor to fear it.

THE school-teacher stands at the fountain, giving direction to the stream of life.

THE way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

A PART of the perfection of this life is to believe ourselves far from perfection.

TRUTH is an inexhaustible fountain, from which nobody knows how much he draws.

To make a rich jam—Crowd twenty fashionably dressed ladies into an omnibus.

PROSPERITY is no just scale; adversity is the only true balance in which to weigh a friend.

A DISTINGUISHED divine has predicted that our civil war will be resumed in the course of this year.

SALLIE wonders why men can't do something useful—why they couldn't smoke hams as well as cigars?

THE way to bring ourselves with ease to a contempt of the world is to think daily of leaving it.

HE that dies well has lived long enough; so soon as death enters upon the stage the tragedy of life is done.

THE Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

FEW take care to live well, but many to live long, though it is in a man's power to do the former, but in no man's power to do the latter.

THE young lady who was recommended to take exercise, to improve her health, says that she "will jump at an offer, and run her own risk."

AN Irishman says "that the best remedy for baldness is to rub whisky on your head until the hairs grow out, then take it inwardly to clinch the roots."

IF you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand.

MERRY MOMENTS.

CHAWIN' GUM.—We clip the following from an exchange, illustrative of the evil of "chawin' gum," which seems alone to have been the "serious fault" of her of whom ye poet speaketh:

She did not smoke nor did she drink
Beer, porter, ale or rum;
But oh! she had one serious fault—
That lovely girl chewed gum!

Her mouth was busy all the time,
And never did she come
To church or any public place
Without her chewing gum.

The force of habit's strong as death,
And when her time shall come,
Her epitaph we hope to see—
"She died of chewing gum."

THE TOOLE TRADE.—David Garrick and Mr. Toole both quitted the wine trade for the stage. Too many actors take their whine on with them.

IT is proposed to take down the sign boards "Look out for the Engine," on the Erie Railroad, and substitute for them, "Prepare to meet your God!"

NOT FOR JOE.—In asserting her independence, Hungary is about to adopt a new battle cry, which we are given to understand is henceforth to be "Not for Joseph."

A PARSON once prefaced his sermon with—"My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the man who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

A MINUTE MAN.—A writer, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says that "he always takes note even of a straw, especially if there happens to be a sherry cobbler at one end of it."

A WITNESS spoke of a particular person as having seen him "partially clad." "Was he not quite nude?" asked the examining counsel. "No," replied the witness, "he wore a pair of spectacles."

SING!—A Western paper proposes that hereafter, instead of saying, "Let us sing the doxology," the minister shall say, "Let us put on overcoats, adjust furs, slip on gloves, seize our hats and be dismissed."

FIRST YOUNG LADY.—"Is it not dreadful the way that Laura is carrying on with Captain Dragge?" Second young lady—"Yes, dear, shocking; I just heard her say she would croquet him into a forget-me-not ued."

ONE of the Representatives most urgent for an immediate adjournment of the Ohio Legislature is reported to have made a very effective speech in the Democratic caucus. He said: "I must go home. I always go barefoot in warm weather at home, but I can't do it here."

SHORT LECTURE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Have a costly piano or none. Be sure to have a dreadful cold when requested "to favor the company." Cry at a wedding. Scream at a spider. Mind you are engaged if you don't like your partner. It's vulgar to know what there is for dinner. Always give the preference to the elder brother.

SAVE HIM.—At a Dublin theatre not long since there was, as usual, a row in the gallery, and one of the crowd was being passed around rather lively, while the crowd was calling loudly "Chuck him over!" "Shake him over!" "No, No!" shouted a little fellow in one corner, attracting all eyes toward him, "Save him to kill a fiddler wid!"

A WITTY PLEA FOR INVESTMENT.—Doan Swift was one time solicited to preach a sermon for the benefit of the poor. When the preliminary services were gone through, he arose and selected the text:—"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." "Now," said the witty pastor, abruptly closing the book, "if you like the security, down with your dust."

A FEMININE OF FRUITFUL FRUITION.—A foreigner, who heard of the Yankee propensity of bragging, thought he would beat the natives at their own game. Seeing some very large watermelons on a market-woman's stand, he exclaimed:—"What! don't you raise larger apples than these in America?" The quick-witted woman immediately replied:—"Apples! anybody might know you are a foreigner, them's gooseberries!"

PSYCHOLOGY OF DRESS.—While a young lady was talking about the "psychological significance of dress," and maintaining that a person's character could, to a considerable extent, be inferred from his attire, a foppish young man, wearing a blue coat and brass buttons, inquired, with a supercilious air, what that kind of coat indicated; to which the young lady instantly responded:—"This blue is indicative of the wearer's feelings; the brass of his manners."

THE WEATHER COCK IN A FIX.—The late Duke of York, brother of George IV., when Governor of the Canadas, was solicited, during the prevalence of a long drought, by the clergy of the diocese, for permission to offer up prayer for rain. "Eh!—what?" was His Royal Highness' answer, "Oh, yes; pray if you like—by all means—very proper. But I tell you what, you may pray till you're black in the face, but I'm d—d if it rains till you nail the weather-cock in the direction."

THE SAILOR'S WISH.—A sailor, who had been fighting and making a riot, was taken, first to a watch-house, then before a justice, who, after severely reprimanding him, ordered him to find bail. "I have no bail," said Jack. "Then I'll commit you," said the justice. "You will!" said the sailor; "then the Lord send you the rope that stops the wind when the ship's at anchor." "What do you mean by that?" said the justice; "I insist on an explanation of that phrase." "Why," said Jack, "it's the hanging rope at the yard-arm."

PUERILE PUPILS.—A country schoolmaster, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils and wrote down the questions he would put to them on examination day. The day arrived, and so did the hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went on glibly until the question of the absentee came, when the teacher asked:—"In whom do you believe?" "Napoleon Bonaparte," was the answer quickly returned. "You believe in the Established Church, do you not?" "No," said the youngster, "the boy that believes in the church hasn't come to school to-day!"

FASHIONABLE MODESTY.—Considering the follies which are put forth in *La Follet*, we rarely find much pleasure in the news which comes from Paris in the matter of fashions. Here, however, is a statement which most thoroughly delights us:—"The dress is not worn so low as last year, either on the back or front." It sadly lowers one's opinion of the sense of the fair sex to consider that, with many women, modesty is nowadays a matter of mere fashion. For many a month past dresses have been worn so low as barely to be decent. Ladies who of late have been modestly attired, could lay no claim whatever to being in the fashion. Decency, however, is once more to be the *mode*, and, as few ladies have the courage to disobey their dressmakers, we may hope that for a while, until the fashion changes, we may be able to dine out, and even go to dances, without blushing for our partners.—*Punch*.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

Idiot.—The philosopher who keeps his wit till he wants it.

Idleness.—A common, very pleasant to stray over, but on which only geese and donkeys live.

Imagination.—The photographer of the mind.

Impertinence.—A weed cultivated by dowagers and waiting-maids.

Impulse.—A creator who has sent many sins into the world.

Industry.—The privilege of the poor; without that we should have none of those pretty expositions.

Ink.—The black slave, who drops tears enough over the lies he writes to make a second Black Sea.

Innocence.—The card left by angels on their visits.

Invitation.—Ground bait.

Jealousy.—The deformity of imperfect love.

Jilt.—A short word of the feminine gender. When used in the masculine is generally translated into "Breach of promise with heavy damages."

Jointure.—The glue used for splicing.

Justice.—What she is always thirsting for, and consequently never has to give away.

Juvenile.—An epithet only applied to those who forget their old age.

Kiss.—The electric spark which cooks a pair of souls

Kneel The *ne plus ultra* of devotion.

BASE BALL.

NEW YORK vs. BROOKLYN.

EXCITING CONTEST AT THE CAPITOLINE GROUNDS.

New York Defeated.

The return game between nines selected from New York and Brooklyn clubs came off on Tuesday, May 12. It proved to be one of the most exciting picked nine matches ever witnessed in this vicinity, and although the victory finally rested with the Brooklyn players, the honors were carried off by their opponents. All the Brooklyn players were on hand at an early hour, but New York presented a broken front. Five of the nine originally picked out to represent the metropolis in the match did not show up, and in this dilemma the best substitutes that could be found were put in to fill up. Thorn and Shreve, of the Mutuals, and Tracey and Brown, two Brooklynites, were all that could be found, and so four Mutual, two Union and two Mohawk players, representing New York, entered the field against six Atlantics and three Stars. Flanly, of the Mutuals, was on the ground, but refused to play, saying that his name had been used without his authority. He had other reasons beside. An unpleasant rumor had been in circulation for a few days previous to the match that the New York Nine were going to lose this game in order to get on a third one. Be this as it may, Flanly refused to play, and this is also said to be the reason why Pabor and Birdsall, of the Unions, did not take part in the game.

Without a short stop it was supposed that it would be an easy thing for the skilled batters of the Atlantics to drive the ball right through the vacant space between second and third, but for once they were mistaken. Thorne's slow twisters were found to be harder to hit than they at first imagined; still, the want of a man at short field was severely felt, and when the score stood 16 to 12, at the end of the fifth innings, everybody imagined the final result a foregone conclusion. Not so, however, the New Yorkers. After disposing of their opponents for four in the next innings, by a fine display at the bat they made 14 runs before they were retired, all scoring double figures except Pike and Thorne. This left the score 26 to 20. New York stock began to look up just then, and was in better demand still, when, on the next innings, Brooklyn retired without scoring, owing to the good play of Brown, Shreve and Wright. For their share New York made three runs, leaving the totals 29 to 20. This was such a sudden change in the game that it seemed to nerve the Brooklynites to renewed energy, and in the next innings, assisted by a little loose fielding, they ran up a score of nine runs, four of which were made after two hands were lost, Macdiarmid and Zettlein getting two runs each. This left the score a tie, with New York an innings to spare. But they failed to score, the sharp fielding of Pearce, Stark and Rogers proving too much for them. Both sides drew blanks in the ninth innings, the fielding being very sharp and the excitement intense. The Brooklynites were retired by Shelley, Pike, Wright and Brown, and the New Yorkers by Macdiarmid, Start and Zettlein. The score being equal, a tenth innings was entered upon to decide the tie. Four runs were made by the good wits of Ferguson, Mills, Chapman, and Macdiarmid, and this seemed to settle the matter; but New York went in determined to do their best. Before the last man was put out, an equal number had been secured, and the game was again a tie. The excitement at this point was greater than we have seen in a number of years, the sympathy of the crowd being with the New Yorkers in their crippled state. The eleventh innings was commenced with Ferguson, who went out on a short fly to Thorne; Mills made his base on a good hit; Chapman sent him to second, where he narrowly escaped being put out; Wright stopped Chapman's ball, and failing to cut off Mills, drove it to Beaman in time to put out the striker; Start made a clean home run amid great excitement, bringing Mills in; Macdiarmid closed the innings by giving Tracey a chance for a fly-catch, which the latter accepted. With three to get to tie, and four to win, New York sent Shreve to the bat, but Worth sent him into retirement on the fly; Start did the same thing for Brown; Tracey hit well for the base, where he was left by Pike, Ferguson putting him out on a fly catch, and closing the innings for a "whitewash," thus leaving Brooklyn winner by the totals of 36 to 33.

A more pluckily fight for victory it has not been our good fortune to witness in our whole reportorial experience. The idea of eight players, without a regular first class pitcher or catcher, and with no short stop, contending against six of the Atlantics and three of the Stars, all in their proper positions, with any prospects of success, seemed perfectly preposterous. The "glorious uncertainty" of our national game has received another illustration, and one which will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed the entire game. The fine batting of. Tracey, Brown, Shelley and Wright, and the good fielding of Shreve, Bearman, Shelley, Tracey and Brown, are deserving of all praise. The Brooklyn players are entitled to very little credit for their victory, and with one or two exceptions their individual play is not worth especial mention. Ferguson, Macdiarmid an Start are the exceptions, their playing in most of the innings being noteworthy. We give the score below:—

BROOKLYN.	H. L.	R.	NEW YORK.	H. L.	R.
Mills, c	5	4	Pike, 1 f	6	4
Chapman, 11	3	5	Wright, 2d b	4	4
Start, 1st b	4	5	Thorne, p	5	3
Macdiarmid, 2d b	1	7	Shelley, 3d b	2	6
Zettlein, p	2	5	Bearman, 1st b	5	3
Rogers, r f	4	2	Shreve, c	5	2
Pearce, s s	4	1	Brown, r f	4	5
Worth, c f	6	2	Tracey, c f	2	6
Ferguson, 3d b	4	5			
Total	35		Total	33	

INNINGS.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.	10th.	11th.	
Brooklyn	3	0	0	9	1	4	0	9	0	4	3	—36
New York	4	3	2	5	0	2	14	3	0	0	6	—33

Home runs—Start 2, Tracey 1, Pike 1, Shelley 1. Fly catches—Ferguson 5, Start 3, Rogers 2, Worth 2, Macdiarmid 2, Mills 1—total by Brooklyn, 15. Wright 5, Pike 4, Brown 4, Tracey 1, Thorne 1, Shelley 1, Shreve 1—total by New York, 17. Double plays—By Brown, Wright, and by Ferguson and Macdiarmid. Outs on fouls—Brooklyn 8; New York 3. Left on bases—Brooklyn 10; New York 3. Umpire—Mr. Regan, of the Atlantic Club. Scorers—Messrs. Monk and Lush. Time of game—Three hours.

THE GAME IN CINCINNATI.

The season has fairly opened in the West. Cincinnati is the great base ball centre, two of the clubs of that town having taken half a dozen crack players from the East. On Saturday, May 9, three games were played, all of more or less importance, as affecting the championship of Ohio. The principal one was between the Cincinnati and Xenia Clubs, at Xenia, a few miles from Indianapolis. Of course the champions polished off their opponents in handsome style. Hatfield and Waterman distinguished themselves, of course, as will be seen by the annexed score:—

CINCINNATI.	H. L.	R.	XENIA.	H. L.	R.
Storer, c	3	7	Kirkwood, 3d b	6	0
Rowe, s s	5	3	Gibbons, c	2	1
Hatfield, c	1	8	Dempsey, s s	8	1
Johnson, l f	3	1	Moore, 1st b	4	0
Waterman, 3d b	1	6	Thurman, 2d b	2	2
Wright, p	6	3	Illig, r f	3	2
Gould, 1st b	2	7	Stump, l f	2	2
Grant, r f	4	5	Ream, c	1	2
King, 2d b	3	5	Hoover, p	2	3
Total	51		Total	13	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Cincinnati	5	0	9	6	14	1	3	3	10	—51
Xenia	0	4	0	2	4	0	2	1	0	—13

Fly catches—Cincinnati: Johnson, 3; King, 2; Howe, 2; Wright, 2; Storer, 1; Waterman, 1—total 11. Xenia: Thurman, 4; Stump, 4; Ream, 1; Hoover, 1—total 10. Umpire—J. R. Brockway, of the Live Oak Club of Cincinnati. Scorers—Mr. Allison for Xenia, Mr. Worthington for Cincinnati. Time of game, three hours.

On the same day the Buckeye Club visited Springfield, where they played the Mutual Club of that place. The Buckeyes have in their nine Leonard, Sweezy and Fisher, from the East, and expect to win the championship from the Cincinnatis. The Springfield Club made a better stand than was expected, although they were defeated by a score of over two to one. The following is the score:—

BUCKEYE.	H. L.	R.	MUTUAL.	H. L.	R.
Sweezy, 2d b	3	7	Davidson, 2d b	2	6
Brookshaw, s s	1	9	Dunlap, s s	6	0
Scheidemantle, r f	4	5	Doty, 1st b	4	1
Fisher, p	4	5	Bishop, p	4	1
Meagher, l f	4	5	Harmell, r f	4	1
Leonard, c	2	7	Phillips, c f	4	2
Boake, J. c	2	6	Febiger, 3d b	1	4
Smith, 3d b	3	5	Boyle, 1 f	2	3
Wright, 1st b	4	4	Nelson, c	2	4
Total	32		Total	22	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Buckeye	4	4	3	10	10	2	0	11	0	—33
Mutual	3	1	3	2	2	4	4	0	0	—22

Fly catches—Buckeyes: Sweezy 3, Scheidemantle 1, Fisher 1, Leonard 1, Wright 1; total 7. Mutuals: Davidson 1, Doty 3, Harmell 1, Febiger 1, Boyle 2; total 9. Time of game—Three hours and ten minutes. Home runs—Sweezy 1, Brookshaw 1, Leonard 1. Struck out—Buckeyes, 1; Mutuals, 8. Scorers—J. E. Sherwood, for Buckeyes; C. R. White, for Mutuals. Umpire—R. Shellhorn.

The Great Western Club also left town on May 9, to play the Greenwood Club, of California, Ohio. They were fully as successful as their neighbors, as will be seen by the subjoined score:—

GREENWOOD.	H. L.	R.	GREAT WESTERN.	H. L.	R.
Sullivan, s s	2	4	Sieburn, 1 f	2	8
Rabbe, r f	3	2	Black, p	3	6
Sibsey, l f	2	3	Stoms, c	3	4
Whetstone, 3d b	3	2	Thompson, 3d b	2	7
Malone, 1st b	4	2	Garlich, c f	3	5
Nieman, p	0	0	Bates, s s	5	5
Pursell, c	2	2	Beggs, 2d b	4	6
Rogers, c f	1	3	Baker, r f	1	9
Cassell, 2d b	3	3	Riemeyer, 1st b	3	7
Total	18		Total	38	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Greenwood	1	0	1	4	1	4	1	3	3	—18
Great Western	2	13	4	1	4	3	11	5	5	—38

Flies caught—Great Westerns: Sieburn 1, Stoms 1, Thompson 1, Garlich 1—total 4. Greenwoods: Sullivan 1, Sibsey 1, Malone 6, Rogers 1, Pursell 1—total 13. Out on fouls—Great Westerns, 11; Greenwoods, 10. Scorers—Geo. Leuneman for Greenwoods; F. A. Taylor for Great Westerns. Umpire—Dr. John Draper, of the Cincinnati Club. Time of game—Three hours.

The following is the score of the game between the Cincinnati and Great Western Clubs, played on the 6th inst.—

CINCINNATI.	H. L.	R.	GREAT WESTERN.	H. L.	R.
Storer, c f	1	7	Stiles, r f	3	1
Howe, s s	5	1	Beggs, 2d b	3	1
Hatfield, c	2	4	Sieburn, 1 f	1	2
Johnson, l f	4	4	Black, p	4	0
Waterman, 3d b	2	6	Kalish, c	3	1
Wright, p	4	2	Thompson, 3d b	2	2
Gould, 1st b	5	3	Mosby, c f	3	0
Grant, r f	4	4	Bates, s s	3	0
King, 2d b	0	7	Riemeyer, 1st b	3	0
Total	41		Total	29	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Cincinnati	4	5	2	4	11	3	0	11	0	—41
Great Western	2	0	2	0	0	1	0	2	0	—7

Clean home runs—Storer 1, Hatfield 1, Grant 1. Fair fly catches—Howe 2, Waterman 1, Gould 1, King 1—total by Cincinnati, 6. Black 2, Beggs 1, Seibern 1—total by Great Western, 4. Foul catches—Hatfield 8—total by Cincinnati, 8. Kalish 7, Bates 3, Thompson 1—total by Great Western, 11. Umpire—Mr. A. H. Rogers, of the Star Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Scorers—H. M. Guild and Wm. Worthington. Time of game—3:10.

EUREKA vs. EXCELSIOR.

The formal inauguration of the ball season in the great, growing and go-aheadative metropolis of the West took place upon the grounds of the Garden City Club, corner of West Taylor and May streets, on the 9th inst., the contestants being the Excelsior and Eureka Clubs, both first class organizations, although the latter has not been long in existence, while the former is an old established club and reckoned the best in Chicago. The Excelsiors manifested their superiority at the bat, but in the field their opponents proved themselves about an equality. We subjoin the score:—

EUREKA.	H. L.	R.	EXCELSIOR.	H. L.	R.
Cone, 2d b	3	1	Foley, c	6	3
Gaskin, p	4	1	McNally, 2d b	2	3
Sweet, 1 f	2	3	Geo. Stearns, 1st b	3	4
Alston, s s	3	2	Kennedy, c f	1	5
W. Stearns, c	2	2	J. Zeller, s s	2	3
Whitehead, c f	4	0	Oberlander, 3d b	4	2
Maigne, 3d b	4	0	Fields, 1 f	3	2
W. Blair, r f	4	0	Keenan, p	3	3
Miles, 1st b	1	1	Budd, r f	3	3
Total	19		Total	28	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Excelsior	0	0	2	4	4	2	7	0	3	—28
Eureka	0	0	0	1	1	2	0	1	5	—10

Left on Bases—Excelsior, 4; Eureka, 5. Out on Fouls—Excelsior, 8; Eureka, 6. Out on Flies—Excelsior, 3; Eureka, 10. Bases on Called Balls—Excelsior, 1; Eureka, 3. Fly Catches—Excelsior, 10; Eureka, 8. Passed Balls—Excelsior, 2; Eureka, 4. Called Balls—Eureka, 16; Excelsior, 17. Balls—Excelsior, 2; Eureka, 8. Umpire—Geo. F. Wells. Scorers—Eureka, R. M. Hough; Excelsior, W. Lowe.

NOVELTY B. B. CLUB.—At the regular monthly meeting of this Cumberland, Md., Club, held on the 1st inst., at their rooms in the Belvidere Temple, the following named gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—F. P. Rupert, President; Capt. John Weir, Vice President; James F. Harrison, Secretary; Peter Noon, Treasurer; Brady Hummelshine, John G. Candler and Charles Reynolds, Directors; Albert Candler, Captain, and Joseph Gonder, Vice Captain, of the First Nine. All challenges and communications should be addressed to James F. Harrison, Secretary Novelty B. B. Club, Post Office Box 140, Cumberland, Allegheny County, Md.

CLIPPER VS. LIGHTFOOT.—The former club, of Euclid, O., defeated the latter, which belongs to Collamer, by a score of 55 to 35, in a match played at the former place on the 9th inst.

OPENING GAME OF THE NATIONAL CLUB, OF WASHINGTON.

A correspondent sends us the following score of the opening game of the National Club, with a little gossip thrown in:—"Tuesday, May 12, after six previous appointments, the National Club played their opening game. For some reason unknown to us, it has rained, this season, every time we set a day to play. The morning of Tuesday was bright, warm and pleasant—just the day for base ball; but as the afternoon came on it became cloudy, with a raw and chilling wind from the northeast, and when playing commenced I assure you it was anything but a pleasant task. You will notice the name of Elias Cope, formerly of the Keystones, but now pitching for the Maryland Club, of Baltimore. Being on a visit here and old acquaintance he was invited to play. We were short the services of our pitcher and two others of the nine. We take considerable pride in these juniors—they are like clock-work in playing together (the oldest not over 18 years):—

NATIONAL.	H. L.	R.	NATIONAL, JR.	H. L.	R.
Studley, 1st b	2	4	Lusk, s s	1	4
Fox, 3d b	2	3	Renner, 3d b	1	3
Henry, c	7	1	Graison, p	4	0
Jones, p	4	1	E. Foster, c	5	0
Gibney, l f	5	3	Powers, c f	3	1
Cope, s s	1	3	O. Foster, 1st b	1	1
Feuney, 1 f	2	4	Ernst, l f	5	0
Hodges, r f	2	3	Lamb, 2d b	3	1
Horton, 2d b	3	3	Feuney, r f	4	1
Total	25		Total	10	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
National	1	3	0	3	1	1	8	6	2	—25
National, Jr.	5	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—10

Fly balls caught—Nationals—Henry, 1; Jones, 1; Gibney, 2; Feuney, 8; Horton, 3—total 15. Juniors—Lusk, 4; Renner, 1; Graison, 1; Laub, 2; total 8. Foul balls caught—Henry, 1; E. Foster, 4. Out on bases—National, 7; National, Jr., 10. Left on bases—National, 3; National, Jr., 14. Struck out—Henry, Jones, Gibney and Feuney. Run out—E. Foster, Laub and Feuney. Umpire—J. J. Beardsley, of Unions. Scorer—Joe Y. Potts. Time of game—2 hours 27 minutes.

ACADEMY vs. CENTRAL.

The return match between the Buffalo Academy and Central School nines was played at Buffalo, May 9. The Academy nine came off victorious, as will be seen by the following score:—

ACADEMY.	H. L.	R.	CENTRAL.	H. L.	R.
Castle, l f	2	6	Gridley, c	5	1
Rice, p	1	7	Fosdick, 3d b	5	1
Frost, c	1	6	Sears, s s	4	2
Cook, 1st b	5	2	Dunbar, p	1	3
Hurd, 2d b	2	4	Ayer, 1 f	3	3
Miller, s s	5	3	Thayer, 3d b	2	3
Baker, 3d b	0	1	Phips, 1st b	3	3
Fox, c f	3	4	Hickman, r f	4	0
Nims, r f	2	5	Mulligan, c f	4	1
Total	33		Total	15	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Academy	9	4	0	10	5	0	3	0	11	5—38
Central	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	6	3	4—16

Left on bases—Academys—Frost, 1; Cook, 1; Hurd, 1; Miller, 1; Baker, 1—5. Left on bases—Centrals—Fosdick, 1; Dunbar, 1; Ayer, 1; Hickman, 1—4. Home runs—Academys—Castle, 2. Home runs—Centrals—None. Umpire—Mr. Burtis, of Active Club. Time of Game—2 hours and 50 minutes.

GAME BETWEEN GULF CITY CLUBS.

A match game was played at Mobile, Ala., on the 8th inst. between the Mobile and St. Elmo clubs, the former winning by thirty-two runs. The St. Elmos played the first two innings with only two men in the field. We give the score:—

ST. ELMO.	H. L.	R.	MOBILE.	H. L.	R.
Gibson, c	2	4	Smith, c f	5	6
Lemoine, s s	4	4	Baylis, c	5	6
Dolive, 1st b	4	3	Nichols, s s	3	7
Read, 2d b	4	1	Lardner, 3d b	2	7
Scrivener, p	2	3	Walker, 1st b	1	5
Savage, r f	3	2	Condon, 2d b	2	5
Tacon, c f	3	2	Cannon r f	5	5
Byrnes, 3d b	5	1	McVoy, p	3	6
Miller, l f	2	5	West, l f	8	6
Total	23		Total	35	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
St. Elmo	3	0	2	3	4	3	3	3	2	—23
Mobile	1	3	3	1	3	5	3	6	3	—55

Umpire—A. Spear, Dramatic Club. Scorers—Louis Danne and Thomas Sheridan. Time of game—2 hours 5 minutes.

THEATRICAL GAME IN INDIANA.

A portion of Forrester's Theatrical Troupe, assisted by Mayer, Alexander and Lumbard, of the Kekionga first nine, of Fort Wayne, Ind., played a friendly game on the 12th inst., with a field nine of the above club, which resulted as below:—

HAMILTON'S SIDE.	H. L.	R.	ALEXANDER'S SIDE.	H. L.	R.
Hamilton, c	1	2	Alexander, p	1	3
Brittenham, s s	1	2	Lombard, 2d b	1	3
Wheeler, p	1	2	Sheldon, s s	3	0
Town, 1st b	1	2	Lewis, c f	1	3
F. Stophelet, 2d b	2	1	Smith, 1st b	1	3
Bayless, 3d b	1	1	Kelly, 3d b	1	3
J. Stophelet, l f	1	1	Mohan, r f	0	3
Hurd, c f	0	1	Hollinger, r f	1	3
Leach, r f	1	1	Mayer, c	0	3
Total	13		Total	23	

Umpire—J. Avaline. Scorer—F. H. Walke.

GAME BETWEEN BLUE JACKETS.

A match game was played at Annapolis, Md., on Saturday, 9th inst. The result is appended:—

SEVENTH.	H. L.	R.	SANTEE.	H. L.	R.
Carlin, s s	2	6	Dillingham, s s	3	3
Rogers, 3d b	3	2	Read, c f	3	4
Copp, p	4	4	Birney, 1st b	2	5
Robinson, r f	3	4	Mahan, r f	2	5
Cornwell, c	5	2	Calahan, p	0	4
Day, c f	3	4	Hadden, l f	0	6
Parsons, 2d b	3	3	Conley, c	6	1
Barnette, l f	4	5	Osterhaus, 2d b	2	4
Strong, 1st b	0	7	Nazro, 3d b	3	3
Total	35		Total	30	

THE BAT AND BALL IN ILLINOIS.—From Chicago, as elsewhere, cheering information reaches us regarding the growing interest evinced by its denizens in the favorite pastime of the republic, and indications point to a lively season among those who derive pleasure from running the bases and wielding the bat, for the combined purposes of improving their *physique* and obtaining necessary relaxation from the cares of business. The Excelsiors have obtained a lease of the grounds south of Uhlich's Hotel, on State street, and will lose no time in placing them in proper order for play, intending to make it the finest ground in the States, the accommodations including amphitheatres, refreshment rooms, etc.....The Ogden Skating Park has, we understand, been leased by the Atlantic Club for five years, and the work of enlarging and fitting it up in appropriate manner is being pushed rapidly forward. They will have two diamonds, a croquet and a quoiting ground. This club is to play the Cincinnatis, of Porkopolis, at the latter city, on the birthday of the nation.....The Enterprise Club will play upon the grounds of the Atlantic. There are now matched with the Chicagos.....The Garden City Club were to open play for the season on the 13th inst. The following named gentlemen were recently chosen officers of this club:—G. W. Spofford, President; J. Flanders, Vice President; W. White, Secretary and Treasurer; F. W. Pullen, B. Mackey, C. Gillespie, J. J. Kearney and G. W. Spofford, Executive Committee.

BALL MATTERS IN MILWAUKEE, WIS.—There are at present four clubs in the above city belonging to the State Association, viz.:—Cream City, Juneau, Atlantic and Monitor. The first named is the champion club of the Commonwealth and now holds the gold ball, won at the last tournament—also all the first prizes offered at said tournament—as well as seven balls captured from different clubs. The officers are as below:—Prest, M. A. Bradman; Vice President, H. R. Hayden; Treasurer, R. Allen, Jr.; Secretary, S. Smith. Board of Directors—J. H. Wood, C. Wells and A. Middles. Delegates—R. Allen and E. H. Chandler. The Juneau is a very promising organization, officered as follows:—President, J. Dunn; Vice President, M. Drey; Treasurer, C. Traphah; Secretary, T. C. Tinker. Board of Directors—C. Cooney, A. Phillips, M. A. Seery and E. Mcarn. Captain, C. L. Tinker. The following is a list of the officers of the Atlantic Club, formerly known as the Cream City, Jr.:—President, H. Griffin; Vice President, Chas. Norris; Treasurer, J. D. Stevens; Secretary, D. O. Green. Board of Directors—J. D. Stevens, R. K. Smyth and R. Dunlap. Captain—R. K. Smyth. The Monitor consists of Germans, and though a new club, its members by their energy and enthusiasm bid fair to the pastime give promise of placing it in the front rank of State clubs. We understand the Atlantics, of Brooklyn, have accepted an invit

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

Barlow Brothers, Edwin Beach, T. E. Jackson, Oscar Templeton, C. C. Crane, Henry R. Davies, Alban S. West, A. Dewey, Diedrich, Wm. R. Brown, Frank Kent, Donald Currie, Wm. Ellerton, Marcus Ashland, Louis Zanfretta, J. F. Sherry, M. Abney Scott, J. C. Wallace, Arnold Jones, Henry C. Ryan, George Rankin, Charles H. Hart, T. J. Langdon, S. W. Glenn, Frank Bosworth, M. W. Hanley, Wm. Addison, C. T. Parsloe, Jr., Edwin Parsloe, Clarke, H. W. Stebbins, Geo. A. Florance, Wm Ellerton, E. Zebbs, W. H. Derwert, Chas. Leslie, Al. Beechey, Joe Bayliss, J. S. Dysart, Geo. Brunell, F. M. Bates, Justin Robinson3, James Riley, Brown Atkins, Sam Sharpley, Harry Gurr, H. B. Gates, Albert Derr, Harry C. Anderson, Charles A. Pettit, Sig. Faranta, Alfred Mazeo (2), Joe Gayton, F. X. Diamond, Tony Denier (4), Katie Weaver, Marie De Vernon (2), Lizzie Henderson, Kate Connor (2), Lucy Cutler, Mrs. Col. Cunningham 22 cts, Jennie Benson (2), Ella Weaver, Jennie Burbank, Louisa Bidwell 22c, Marietta Zanfretta, Lou Davenport, Louisa Eldridge, Allyne(3), Oscar Willis, Jack Ferris, J. J. Bowers, Billy Emerson, John Burnell, Chas. H. DeForrest, Charles F. Balle', S. S. Sanford, W. P. Sheldon, Henry Burton, James Ward, F. Louis Benjamin, Charles Abbott, Tom Murray, P. Bergnoli, C. B. Rhoades (3), Dick Black, John Denier, Henry Dunster, William H. Burdeau, Charley Gardner, Ole Bull (2), Harry Burchard, J. B. Murphy, Philo Bush, Chas. H. Dupree, W. Richards, Eibort Anderson, Jerry Donovan, Luke Leviton, Henry Dunbar, W. H. Otis, George Burnell, Robert Simpson, Orion H. Ross, Richard Burns, Andrew Dunlap, Charles Bartine (2), Albert Aymar, George Becks, Frank B. Culley (2), Alex. Zanfretta, Warren Bordwell, Jacob Showles, I. N. Drew, William Coleman, John Glenroy, Harry Kelly, Gonsalvo Bishop, Jacob Tannenbaum, J. W. Carter (5), Louis Gumpert, Charles Seeley, Mrs. Frank Barry, Millie Diana, Helen Western, Angeline Winters 46c, Martha Deering, Mary L. Berrell, Mrs. W. L. Ayling, Mary Davis, Kate Clair, Ada Wray, Amelia Corsallo, Belle Montrose (2), Jean Hosmer, Louise Tourniaire, Frank B. Converse, Joseph Caron, Martini Chirioki (2), Dick Dorney, Henry North, James Duff, William Collins, C. B. Bristle, H. C. Campbell, Willie Delehanty (2), Harry Mortimer, Tom Channon, Julian Breban, Rufus Dutton, Moses Fiske, J. B. Curran, Charles De Verdie, W. H. Chambers, Pete Connelly, Barnard Covert, M. C. Cameron, Charles Weightman, C. Ames, Tim Hayes, Sydney Cook (2), J. E. Curran, W. J. Cogswell (2), M. Levick, T. E. Weyent (2), Nick Clarkson, Abraham Ogden, Jerry Cohen, Wm. B. Fox, J. P. Carty, Fred Brink, Willie Stevenson, Harrison Delaney, Fred Lawrence, John Gannon, Tom Murray, A. D. Fitch (2), Fred Buckingham 22c, Charlie Gardner, D. G. Waldron, Charlie Wheaton, Dobson Brothers, A. J. Leavitt, D. H. Harkins, W. H. Peak, Wm. H. Chambers, Harry L. Seymour, Howard Watkins, "Versatility," Carrie Louise, Fanny Pierson, Frankie De Witt, Fannie Williams, Mrs. Hunsley Scout, Augusta Lamareaux, Mrs. Wm. Armstrong

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to havethem appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, May 18, 1868.

[Owing to unavoidable absence from the city—on a mission in behalf of the Founding Society and half Orphan Asylum,—we claim the indulgence of our readers for all shortcomings in this usually interesting department of our paper, and trust that the charitable and philanthropic object of our business abroad will sufficiently atone for those little errors of the head, but not of the heart, which may be detected in the faulty though well-meaning incubrations of our inex perienced substitute.—ED. CLIP.]

CITY SUMMARY.

Written by "Our Jim"—by request.

BILL SHAKESPEARE once writ an editorial for the Sunday press entitled "There is a tide in a man's business which ought to be taken at the spring floods, because it takes a person right on to a good thing." These is his words as near as I remember 'em, an impediment in my 'ear-ing [Joke.—JIM.] making my forgifulness more apparient. The boss got on a high old tide last week, and he's still on it, intending to take in Washington, where he means to "make a book," as he calls it, on the Impeachment verdict, then go out to Chicago to see if he can't injuce the Radical Convention to nominate Andy Johnson as their candidate for President by way of compromise, and come home by way of Ohio and Kentucky, taking in the fights between McCoole, and Coburn, and Aaron and Sheppard. [His mission in behalf of foundlings and orphans being all bosh, though goodness knows some of his own "little wanderers" might profit by it if he *would* only cast his bread upon the waters. Oh, what a sad lot is the orphan's. Verses dedicated

TO A DISEASED ORPHIN.

BY OUR JIM.

(*Scene—Grave Yard—12 o'clock, M. Tableau, weepin' man and little mound.*)

Is this me boy's grave, me beautiful Willie,
Whom I deemed so noble, so honest and brave,
Is this here me boy's lot, my fair little William,
Filling so sadly a drunkard's lone grave?
How proud was me heart the day he was given
Unto my sorrowful unselfish protection;
I see that boy now, in his innocent gloe
Gazing up in me face, as I looked upon he.
Now again I see him, so honest and brave,
Oh, would it had been in the cold, murky grave,
Ere shame had branded that innocent brow
Which looketh so carm as I gaze on it now.
Ah, Willie, we have missed you, and I heave a huge sigh,
Isn't it a terrible thing for to die?
But sleep on, sweetest William, in your innocent glee,
Where the weary is at rest, and where all the wicked flea.—JIM.]

As there isn't no one else competent in the office to fill the boss's cheer, in his philanthropic absence, the duties falls to my lot, and though I despise the task, a soldier's first duty is obejence. With them few remarks I embark on the wings of public 'pinions, and I intend to make myself heard before I stop, for the boss is too easy with things. *I'll* make 'em rip, you bet ..... What's our theatres a-coming to, *any* how? There's Pike's new house—called opera house. Futty opera house that. The gentlemanly landlord has the reputation of knowing how to make a fine whiskey still, but by the quietness about his play house it seems to me that he knows how to keep his theatre still. [These little puns is made impromptu, as the boss calls it, but off-hand, as *I* say. Minstrels and side showmen can use 'em by giving me the proper credit.—JIM.] This makin' nice lookin' houses outside, and puttin' nothin' in 'em, reminds me of an unpleasant circumstance which occurred to my view a few days ago. Coming along Broadway, about lunch time, I seen an Irish gland with an axe, a-crackin' away at a docile turtle reclining in front of a restaurant on the European plan. "Here, *you*, what are you at, *say*?" "Fot am I at? I'm thryin to let the poor thing out," and down came his axe again on the comely turtle shell. I jist gave him a snorter in the Irish jaw, and unobtrusively remarked, "There, that lets *you* out, you damned fool!" I had him (the person), conveyed on a stretcher to Mr. Bergh's office, so that that other philanthropic gentleman might prosecute him to the bitter end. Talkin' of turtles, calls to mind another curious thing. In the year 1865, just at the close of our late unfriendly relations with our erring sisters, Captain John Travis, the great pistol shot, then in South Carolina, sent me a note by a reliable contraband, saying:—"DEAR JIM—I forward you this day a monster turtle, which is good for making beef steaks out of, or vegetable, bean, or any other kind of soup. Please acknowledge." I know very well that turtles isn't very fast goers but I do think I ought to have heard from it, from some quarters, before this. Mebbe it's dead, I don't attach no blame to Captain Travis for the dilatory conduct of his snapper; it is probable that some despicable Fenian has snapped him up. Lines

ON A COMING TURTLE.

A turtle a nice thing to have is,
Especially one from Cap. Travis;
But I think it oughtn't to come so slow to
The man he sent it for to go to.

.....The slow movement of that turtle resembles very much the progress of that other turtle, the Dramatic Fund. I don't see how that concern gets along at all. The members which ain't "on it" don't care now the fund stands, but if they get superannuated or worn out in the service, then they show a decided likin' for the things, and wonder how it is that the stamps isn't kept up to a livin' standard. An unfavorable writer says, that the allowance of retired actors is now about $1.25 per week, which isn't enough to provide second-hand hash. This assertion is scouted at by one who knows. I know several retired players who haven't a-nothin' to complain of now, with except what they get from the Dramatic Fund; yet I know that these poor pensioners indulge in a monstrous partiality for deviled kidneys, broiled pigeons, and superior Rheims, brand of 1788 (more or less). I know, also, that they dress in good store clothes, and indulge in an occasional drive around Central Park for the sole benefit of their perilous health. Now, does any unsane man believe that $1.25 per week would do all this? Isn't it a notorious fact that the play-lovin' public has been munificent in its encouragement of this noble charity? Else, how was it that all the recent benefits was so immensely attended? Isn't it known that vast sums has been contributed by liberal managers? The deleterious compositor who put in type the first figure must have dropped in a comma, or something, for I know it ought to read $125 per week, instead of $1.25. Hasn't Brougham, Davidge and others become millionaires through their connection with the society? Eh? In your lukewarmness you may impudently assert that these isn't "retired actors," notwithstanding they have been known to take "farewell benefits." Go to—thou knowest not a hawk from a herron. Pshaw! The great aid given the Fund by a sympathetic public, the immense sums invested upon it by the wills of deceased "lovers of the drama," the crowded condition of every benefit, makes it evident, to "the that runs may read," that the Fund is a vast Mine of Wealth. I now suggest that the Directors, who have an easy place of it considerin' the salary they get, purchase Pike's Opera House, and, after gutting it, convert it into a Hotel des Invalides for disabled veterans of the stage, so that evil-minded persons needn't no longer say of the society, that it hasn't no "local habitation nor a name." I would also propose that invitations be given to the undersigned capitalists, to fill up a subscription paper for the Fund, as follows:—

A. T. Stewart (in consideration of many happy evenings, etc.),	$300,000
Wm. B. Astor (in consideration of ditto),	300,000
Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines (out of her enormous recent gains),	1,000,000
Shepherd Knapp (a nightly play-goer)	100,000
John Lord (when his "Robbers" are caught),	50,000
Simeon Leland (wealthy boarding house keeper, and patron of the arts),	50,000
A. J. Bleecker (sell-outist and knock-downer),	100,000
Delmonico (patron of "Sorosis" and other animated works of nature),	25,000
Manager Wheatley (retired citizen),	50,000
E. Forrest (as there isn't no knowing what he may come to),	150,000
Bennett (retired stockholder in the Academy),	500,000

This, which these parties will be only too glad to hand over, will make certainly a nice sum to begin with, and goes to show what sacrifices our solid citizens is ready to make in behalf of genius in difficulties. But enough of this—let us get at something of a less Hospital-able a nature.....I'd like to know if the young lady who recently made so promising a *debu* in Boston is the Topp of her profession? Besides which, I would innocently ask whether Senor Capo, who imitates ancient paintings with the scissors, is any relation to Da Capo who figures so often in music books? [These comical conceits is all made by me—JIM.]

.....One of them "funny" muffs a body meets with every day, came to me last Sunday, and says he, "Jim, our theatres wouldn't be shucks, if it wasn't for the scenery," and he actually laughed as though he had said something funny. I soothed him by quietly observing, "I don't *see* nary joke in *that*!" Then he very wickedly exclaimed:—"Suppose, Jim, a theatre is jammed with a cold and frigid audience, would it be proper to call it a-n-ice jam?" "No," I responded in my overwhelming style, "but if the boxes was packed, then you might call them packing boxes!" This insane person persisted in his incoherent remarks, and said:—"Why well Dan Bryant, at the opening of his new hall, repeat his European successes?" "Because," says I, with a vindictive look at the discomfited person, "because he'll be playing in Cork again." But he "came up smiling" once more, and looking me suspiciously in the google eye, he said:—"What nigger minstrel is most like a three part musical composition?" "I don't know," says I, to get rid of the chap. "Billy Birch," says he. "How so?" says I. "Because Birch is a tree-oh!" I took the bark of his tree-oh! by quickly remarking—'Billy's more like a *four* part composition." "As how?" says he. "Because, at a lunch review, the other day, Billy Birch drank a full quart-et of hot bean soup." "It must have caused him a good deal of pain," drawls out the would-be funny man. "Why?" asked I, unconscious like. "Because he looked very black in the face that night," retorted the terrible funny fellow. "Oh!" says I, careless like, "that was all owing to the pains he took to amuse the people." "Ah, indeed," persisted he, "them pains was too dark to see through in that light." We crushed the unfortunate suicide by rejoining:—"*Your* gas ought to have made even darkness visible." His early decease can only be attributed to his mistaken notions of wit and pungency. The boss takes too much impudence from such coxcombs.....You see that you lose nothing by the boss's "charitable mission." I pledge myself—[That puts me in mind that I pledged something else at Simpson's a month ago, and it's about time it was taken out, no matter how interesting it may be to him to retain it.—JIM.] Instead of pledging myself, I'll pledge you, dear reader, hoping that your ears may be long in the land, and that you will thereby ever be ready to give a willing ear to the punographic gems of yours truly.....There's one thing I should like to see reformed, and that is the unpolite habit some people has of reading books whenever foreign artists essays to amuse 'em. This is not right. Suppose you was about to deliver a Fourth of July speech, and some evil-minded person should persist in handing round dime novels to be read by your auditors—wouldn't it give you the cold shoulder or the bowel complaint to see the wretches going through their miserable books instead of paying attention to you? Wouldn't it? Them French, and Dutch, and Italian players is no doubt a feelin' sort of people, and it must give 'em a bad turn to see such ill-mannerediess. If folks must read cheap novels, let 'em read 'em at home. And these same offensive creatures go home and pronounce the acting of the foreigners grand, when in fact they haint seen nothing of the play. Give our own people a chance; patronise our native actors a little better than you do, and let the "indisposed" Tostees, the Gorillas, and other outlandish curiosities and spies look to their own sort for succor and comfort. I shall give you a few versus on the subject of

NATIVE VERSUS FOREIGN ACTORS.

BY "OUR JIM."

Why should a man sit through the playing
Of that what he don't understand,
Reading books of what the actor is saying,
And then calling the acting most grand?
Neither seeing the form or a feature
Of the actor folks all of the while;
Yet how many will try to defeat your
Actor who's not in the style.
Chorus—So then, help along a native actor
Who, in truth, can time beguile,
Shun him not, though he's not backed, or
Even though he's not the style.

Many an actor full of power,
Born in this benighted land,
Sees the chance would him be given,
While foreign artists lead the van,
Spouting high Dutch, French, Italian,
Lingo that makes one's blood rile,
While a native actor's dallying,
Just because he's not the style.
Chorus—So then, etc.

.....As the boss's philanthropic expedition in behalf of the half orphan and other little wanderers is expected to occupy his time for a couple of weeks, I think I'd better wind up at this point, and prepare myself for another dose for next week, for it is very likely that I shall be expected to edit this department until the return of the charitable and morally-inclined editor-in-chief from the Chicago convention, and the convention of muscular Christians down in old K. Y., Ky. Any errors in what follows is to be attributed to our livin' *corps* (the compositor will be careful not to set up lyin' *corps*, as it might injure their characters for truth and honesty).

DEATH OF GEORGE N. CHRISTY.—This well known Ethiopian comedian, whose right name was George Harrington, died in this city on the 12th inst., of inflammation of the brain. Only one week previous to his death he called upon us, and although suffering from a severe cold contracted during his late engagement with Hooley in Brooklyn, appeared to be in the best of spirits and health, and spoke of his future intentions, looking forward with much pleasure to his intended trip to Europe late in the fall. The day after he called upon us he left for Boston to rehearse with the Morris Brothers Minstrels, as he was under engagement to open with them on the 11th inst. Arriving in the Hub he went to rehearsal, but he acted in such a queer manner that it was thought he was not as he ought to be He was taken quite ill and was immediately brought to this city and taken to the residence of his mother, where he died as stated above. Mr. Christy was born in Palmyra, N. Y., Nov. 6th, 1827. His first public appearance was made at the old Eagle Street Theatre, Buffalo, in 1839. He had been engaged by E. P. Christy, who had brought him out as a jig dancer. He left Buffalo with E. P. Christy and traveled with his legerdemain show. George Weldon was the "fakir" and George was his confederate. Our hero had a dog that he used to perform a number of tricks with. George was with this "faking" show until 1842, when E. P. Christy organized the original Christy Minstrels and gave the first show in the spring of 1842, in a little hall in Water Street, in Buffalo. George Christy took the bone end, with Lansing Durand as tambo. George was the first to do the wench business; he was the original Lucy Long and Cachuca. He then accompanied the troupe all over the country until 1846, when they opened for a brief season in Palmo's Opera House, 514 Chambers street, this city. From there they went to the Society Library Rooms, on Broadway, near Franklin, thence to the Alhambra, on Broadway, near Prince street, and located at 472 Broadway, late Mechanics' Hall, in March, 1847. There they remained about eleven years. During all this time George Christy kept the bone end, and appeared in a variety of acts in the olio. He was then considered the best performer that put on burnt cork. His name was a lower of strength to the original Christys. He was considered one of the funniest of the funny in everything that he did. George was well cared for while he was with E. P. Christy, and during the last two years and eight months of his engagement he received the sum of nineteen thousand six hundred and eighty dollars. He withdrew from the E. P. Christy party, and, in conjunction with Henry Wood, organized a band of minstrels, and opened, in October, 1853, at 444 Broadway, in opposition to the old party. The original Christys closed up a year after and went to California, leaving Gorge master of the situation. George Christy and Henry Wood then organized another band, with which they opened at 472 Broadway, and kept both bands going at the same time. George Christy was on the end at 444 Broadway and Billy Birch at 472. Every night, after the first part was over, these two comedians would change their base of operations, by playing in the first part at one establishment and in the second part at the other house. This was kept up for some months, when 444 was burned down, but was rebuilt soon after, and again opened by the Wood and Christy party. The Marble Hall of Minstrelsy on Broadway, near Prince street, was soon after built and opened by Wood & Christy's Minstrels, and the other two establishments closed. George remained at the Marble Hall until 1858, when he took a minstrel party to California, and appeared at the Opera House under the management. Among those he took with him were Eugene, Sher Campbell, and G. W. H. Griffin, with R. M. Hooley as business manager. After a stay of ten months, George returned with a band, in partnership with R. M. Hooley, among whom were Geo. Coes, Lothian, Eugene and others. As soon as they arrived here they opened at Irving Hall, but as George had signed papers with Henry Wood not to appear in this city for a certain length of time an injunction was served upon him, and after a week's performance he was obliged to go out traveling. As soon as his time was up he returned with the party and opened at Niblo's Saloon, which had been fitted up in good style. The reception Mr. Christy met with here was very enthusiastic. They did an immense business, the hall being crowded every night. They remained there a year, when Messrs. Christy and Hooley opened with a party at the hall now occupied by the San Francisco Minstrels, leaving here he went on a traveling tour with a party of minstrels, in company with J. W. Raynor. Mr. Christy's next speculation was in opening the Fifth Avenue Opera House, which he was finally obliged to leave in consequence of an increase in rent. In December, 1866, he appeared with Kelly and Leon's Minstrels. His last appearance on the stage was with Hooley's Minstrels, in Brooklyn, closing a two weeks' engagement there on May 2d. The funeral services were held at Trinity Chapel, Twenty-fifth street, near Broadway, on the afternoon of the 15th inst., and the remains were interred in Cypress Hill Cemetery. There was a number of professionals present to obtain a last look at poor George, as he slept in the calm repose of death, among whom we noticed Billy Birch, David Wambold, W. H. Bernard, Charles Backus, R. M. Hooley, Neil Bryant, W. W. Newcomb, J. W. Raynor, Johnny Allen, Billy Emerson, Napoleon Gould, Charles Henry, Francis Leon, and many others. Tony Pastor, G. W. Griffin, Ansel Wood, Billy Birch, David Wambold, and J. W. Raynor were pall bearers. George Christy was one of the last connecting links between the old and present style of negro minstrelsy. As a comedian he was, when in his prime, unexcelled, and one of the greatest favorites that ever blacked up. As long as minstrelsy has a foothold the name of George Christy will not be forgotten. Farewell, George, may the turf rest lightly on thy form.

THE DRAMATIC FUND.—This association met on the 11th inst. at their rooms, 842 Broadway, to amend the constitution of the association. The reading of the minutes of the last quarter took place, and lastly the election of officers for the ensuing year. the polls being, for that purpose, kept open from two until four o'clock. Mr. W. Davidge presided.

Rule 8, which stipulates the terms of admission to membership and the amounts payable as dues, was amended so as to add $13 to the admission fee, and a like sum to the annual dues. The increase of rate, which now makes the admission fee, as the annual dues, range from $25 to $45, while heretofore they ranged but from $10 to $30, is called for as a matter of simple justice to long-time members. They claim that, now that the society is successfully established, and has a goodly fund in its possession, its benefits, present and prospective, are worth the increased rate of assessment to new members.

Rule 19 was amended so as to preclude the widows of members who marry when over 50 years of age from any annuity or other allowance.

Rule 23 was amended so that claimants are in future exempt from the payment of dues unless in cases where they are recipients of allowance on account of temporary illness. Hitherto claimants had to pay from the amount paid them the annual dues as if they were active members.

The secretary then read the Twentieth Annual Report, which shows the financial working of the Association since its inauguration:—

TWENTY YEARS' RECEIPTS.

Subscriptions from 1847 to 1867	$51,779 18	Certificates	203 50
Fines	1,103 70	Donations	10,129 61
Benefits	18,886 24	Dinner Fund	4,286 81
Initiation	3,608 75	Ball	931 79
Interest	28,031 87	Total	$117,093 06

EXPENDITURES.

Cypress Hills Cemetery account	$713 50	Widows' allowance	6,778 98
Treasurer's account	1,272 28	Funerals	1,250 00
Stock	43,036 01	Salaries	10,857 49
Premium on stock	59 62	Sick alimentary	16,218 23
New York City Cemetery Expense account	100 00	Annuity account	32,868 19
	7,138 93	Total	$117,093 06

For the last fiscal year, ending March 31st, the receipts were $5,123 39, and the expenditures, $4,796 54. The Treasurer reports a cash balance on hand of $1,272 28. There are now on the roll, in all, 180 members, of whom 48 are recipients of the benefits of the Association.

THE RICHINGS' ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE occupied the boards of the French Theatre the past week, except on Wednesday evening when they performed in Brooklyn. "Martha" was the initial opera, followed, on the 12th, by "Maritana," and in Brooklyn, on the 13th, with "Crown Diamonds." On the 14th, "Sonnambula" was presented; 15th, "Crown Diamonds;" "Fra Diavolo" for the *matinee* on the 16th, and "The Doctor of Alcantara" closed the week. Business was pretty good throughout the week, but they had the largest house at Brooklyn, when, in despite of the rain, they had a twelve hundred dollar audience. The company is composed of first-class artists, who acquitted themselves with much credit in their respective *roles*. In the production of the English Opera they have consulted the tastes of the public, and will, no doubt, continue to receive a liberal patronage from an appreciative community. The choruses, which were good, were given with a degree of precision and strength. The present is the last week of the troupe in this city.

THE SAME BILL that has been attracting crowded audiences to the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, the past month, is found sufficiently attractive to announce it for another week. The burlesque of "Paris and Helen" is very well presented, and the music from Offenbach's comic opera of "La Belle Helene" is heartily applauded each evening. M. W. Leffingwell comes in for his share of the applause in his truly excellent impersonation of Romeo Jaffer Jenkins, in "Too Much for Good Nature," which is also worth a visit to this establishment to witness. A more pleasant visit cannot be spent at present than to this theatre.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS open their new hall on Fourteenth street this evening. Dan Bryant occupies the tamborine end, Unsworth bones, Nelse Seymour is interlocutor, with Charles Henry, Dempster, Greer and Rockefeller the quartet, and Eugene *prima donna*. The company is a well organized one, and ought to give a good show.

"THE BLACK AND TAN CONVENTION" is the title of a new burlesque to be produced by the San Francisco Minstrels this evening. Mr. J. H. Hilton, who has been added to the company, appears this evening. The balance of the programme, which is unusually attractive for the current week, contains some of the best acts in the *repertoire* of these three great minstrel humorists, Birch, Bernard and Backus, while Wambold sings a new ballad.

A MATINEE PERFORMANCE will be given at the Broadway Theatre, on the 20th inst., for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund.

THE WILLIAMSES continue their engagement at the Broadway Theatre.

MRS. J. J. PRIOR will be the recepient of a benefit at the French Theatre, on the 21st., given under the auspices of the "Actual Literary and Dramatic Association" of this city. Mrs. Prior is a sufferer by the late fire at Barnum's Museum, and we know of no one who is more deserving than this lady. As an actress she is careful and painstaking and enjoys a reputation that ought of itself, to attract a crowded house.

MATILDA HERON has just opened a dramatic studio in this city. She proposes to educate "young ladies of the aristocracy" for the stage. Will Matilda decline to receive democrats?

LAURA KEENE returned to this city on the 13th inst. from Europe.

FANNY JANAUSCHEK sailed for England on the 14th inst. She returns to America in September.

PAREPA ROSA and Brookhouse Bowler sail for California early in June.

"GRIFFITH GAUNT" IN COURT.—Augustin Daly, author of "Griffith Gaunt," "Under the Gaslight," etc., brought a suit in the Circuit Court on the 14th inst. against Thomas Maguire to recover $2,000 damage for the alleged infringement of the plaintiff's copyright in the sensational drama of "Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy," performed last year in this city at the New York Theatre. The plaintiff states that his said play was produced and performed without his consent at the defendant's theatre in San Francisco, in February, March and April, 1867, and therefore defendant is liable to him for damages pursuant to an act of Congress of 1856, Chapter 156, passed for the protection of authors and commonly known as the Dramatic Copyright Act. The defendant denies generally that he ever performed said play. The case now came before court on the following peculiar state of proceedings. Last year when the defendant Maguire came to New York, he was arrested in this suit by the United States Marshal, and shortly after was examined before the United States Commissioner as to the aforesaid performances. In the course of that examination a printed programme of Maguire's Opera House, in San Francisco, was produced, but the defendant would not swear it was one of his programmes. There were also several slips cut from California newspapers in relation to said play. All these slips stated the play of "Griffith Gaunt," performed at the defendant's theatre, was Mr. Daly's play, and the programme of the theatre expressly set forth that this was "Augustin Daly's drama," &c. All these documents were filed with the Clerk of the Court. A commission having been ordered to issue to San Francisco to examine witnesses as to the points involved, the plaintiff, by his counsel, Joseph F. Daly moved the Court for leave to take the programme and newspaper slips off the files of the Court to be sent to California for identification by the printer that printed them and by the person who wrote them. The defendant, by Mr. Compton, his counsel, objected. The Court, after hearing the argument, ordered that photographs of the programme and slips should be made, and such photographic copies be put on file, and that the original documents should be sent, as plaintiff requested, with the commission to San Francisco for identification. The Judge (Blatchford) remarked, as he rendered his decision, alluding to ordering photographic copies to be made, that he "saw no reason why the Court should not avail itself of the progress of science, in order to facilitate legal proceedings."

CLAUDE DU HAVEN, pantomimist and melo-dramatic actor, is sojourning in this city for a while, and may be engaged by address, ing him as per advertisement.

DENSELY CROWDED AUDIENCES flocked to the Theatre Comique each evening the past week to witness the excellent entertainment offered by the management. The Clinetop Sisters—Sallie and Lucie—who appeared the past week, continue their engagement. They were favorably received each evening in a variety of dances. The Boone Children—Daniel and Myrtle—made their first appearance the past week, after a lengthened absence from the New York boards, in comic dances and in vocalization in this usually interesting department of our paper, and trust that the charitable and philanthropic object of our business abroad will sufficiently atone for those little errors of the head, but not of the heart, which may be detected in the faulty though well-meaning incubrations of our inex perienced substitute.—ED. CLIP.]

CITY SUMMARY.

Written by "Our Jim"—by request.

BILL SHAKESPEARE once writ an editorial for the Sunday press entitled "There is a tide in a man's business which ought to be taken at the spring floods, because it takes a person right on to a good thing." These is his words as near as I remember 'em, an impediment in my 'ear-ing [Joke.—JIM.] making my forgifulness more apparient. The boss got on a high old tide last week, and he's still on it, intending to take in Washington, where he means to "make a book," as he calls it, on the Impeachment verdict, then go out to Chicago to see if he can't injuce the Radical Convention to nominate Andy Johnson as their candidate for President by way of compromise, and come home by way of Ohio and Kentucky, taking in the fights between McCoole, and Coburn, and Aaron and Sheppard. [His mission in behalf of foundlings and orphans being all bosh, though goodness knows some of his own "little wanderers" might profit by it if he *would* only cast his bread upon the waters. Oh, what a sad lot is the orphan's. Verses dedicated

TO A DISEASED ORPHIN.

BY OUR JIM.

(*Scene—Grave Yard—12 o'clock, M. Tableau, weepin' man and little mound.*)

Is this me boy's grave, me beautiful Willie,
Whom I deemed so noble, so honest and brave,
Is this here me boy's lot, my fair little William,
Filling so sadly a drunkard's lone grave?
How proud was me heart the day he was given
Unto my sorrowful unselfish protection;
I see that boy now, in his innocent gloe
Gazing up in me face, as I looked upon he.
Now again I see him, so honest and brave,
Oh, would it had been in the cold, murky grave,
Ere shame had branded that innocent brow
Which looketh so carm as I gaze on it now.
Ah, Willie, we have missed you, and I heave a huge sigh,
Isn't it a terrible thing for to die?
But sleep on, sweetest William, in your innocent glee,
Where the weary is at rest, and where all the wicked flea.—JIM.]

As there isn't no one else competent in the office to fill the boss's cheer, in his philanthropic absence, the duties falls to my lot, and though I despise the task, a soldier's first duty is obejence. With them few remarks I embark on the wings of public 'pinions, and I intend to make myself heard before I stop, for the boss is too easy with things. *I'll* make 'em rip, you bet ..... What's our theatres a-coming to, *any* how? There's Pike's new house—called opera house. Futty opera house that. The gentlemanly landlord has the reputation of knowing how to make a fine whiskey still, but by the quietness about his play house it seems to me that he knows how to keep his theatre still. [These little puns is made impromptu, as the boss calls it, but off-hand, as *I* say. Minstrels and side showmen can use 'em by giving me the proper credit.—JIM.] This makin' nice lookin' houses outside, and puttin' nothin' in 'em, reminds me of an unpleasant circumstance which occurred to my view a few days ago. Coming along Broadway, about lunch time, I seen an Irish gland with an axe, a-crackin' away at a docile turtle reclining in front of a restaurant on the European plan. "Here, *you*, what are you at, *say*?" "Fot am I at? I'm thryin to let the poor thing out," and down came his axe again on the comely turtle shell. I jist gave him a snorter in the Irish jaw, and unobtrusively remarked, "There, that lets *you* out, you damned fool!" I had him (the person), conveyed on a stretcher to Mr. Bergh's office, so that that other philanthropic gentleman might prosecute him to the bitter end. Talkin' of turtles, calls to mind another curious thing. In the year 1865, just at the close of our late unfriendly relations with our erring sisters, Captain John Travis, the great pistol shot, then in South Carolina, sent me a note by a reliable contraband, saying:—"DEAR JIM—I forward you this day a monster turtle, which is good for making beef steaks out of, or vegetable, bean, or any other kind of soup. Please acknowledge." I know very well that turtles isn't very fast goers but I do think I ought to have heard from it, from some quarters, before this. Mebbe it's dead, I don't attach no blame to Captain Travis for the dilatory conduct of his snapper; it is probable that some despicable Fenian has snapped him up. Lines

ON A COMING TURTLE.

A turtle a nice thing to have is,
Especially one from Cap. Travis;
But I think it oughtn't to come so slow to
The man he sent it for to go to.

.....The slow movement of that turtle resembles very much the progress of that other turtle, the Dramatic Fund. I don't see how that concern gets along at all. The members which ain't "on it" don't care now the fund stands, but if they get superannuated or worn out in the service, then they show a decided likin' for the things, and wonder how it is that the stamps isn't kept up to a livin' standard. An unfavorable writer says, that the allowance of retired actors is now about $1.25 per week, which isn't enough to provide second-hand hash. This assertion is scouted at by one who knows. I know several retired players who haven't a-nothin' to complain of now, with except what they get from the Dramatic Fund; yet I know that these poor pensioners indulge in a monstrous partiality for deviled kidneys, broiled pigeons, and superior Rheims, brand of 1788 (more or less). I know, also, that they dress in good store clothes, and indulge in an occasional drive around Central Park for the sole benefit of their perilous health. Now, does any unsane man believe that $1.25 per week would do all this? Isn't it a notorious fact that the play-lovin' public has been munificent in its encouragement of this noble charity? Else, how was it that all the recent benefits was so immensely attended? Isn't it known that vast sums has been contributed by liberal managers? The deleterious compositor who put in type the first figure must have dropped in a comma, or something, for I know it ought to read $125 per week, instead of $1.25. Hasn't Brougham, Davidge and others become millionaires through their connection with the society? Eh? In your lukewarmness you may impudently assert that these isn't "retired actors," notwithstanding they have been known to take "farewell benefits." Go to—thou knowest not a hawk from a herron. Pshaw! The great aid given the Fund by a sympathetic public, the immense sums invested upon it by the wills of deceased "lovers of the drama," the crowded condition of every benefit, makes it evident, to "the that runs may read," that the Fund is a vast Mine of Wealth. I now suggest that the Directors, who have an easy place of it considerin' the salary they get, purchase Pike's Opera House, and, after gutting it, convert it into a Hotel des Invalides for disabled veterans of the stage, so that evil-minded persons needn't no longer say of the society, that it hasn't no "local habitation nor a name." I would also propose that invitations be given to the undersigned capitalists, to fill up a subscription paper for the Fund, as follows:—

A. T. Stewart (in consideration of many happy evenings, etc.),	$300,000
Wm. B. Astor (in consideration of ditto),	300,000
Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines (out of her enormous recent gains),	1,000,000
Shepherd Knapp (a nightly play-goer)	100,000
John Lord (when his "Robbers" are caught),	50,000
Simeon Leland (wealthy boarding house keeper, and patron of the arts),	50,000
A. J. Bleecker (sell-outist and knock-downer),	100,000
Delmonico (patron of "Sorosis" and other animated works of nature),	25,000
Manager Wheatley (retired citizen),	50,000
E. Forrest (as there isn't no knowing what he may come to),	150,000
Bennett (retired stockholder in the Academy),	500,000

This, which these parties will be only too glad to hand over, will make certainly a nice sum to begin with, and goes to show what sacrifices our solid citizens is ready to make in behalf of genius in difficulties. But enough of this—let us get at something of a less Hospital-able a nature.....I'd like to know if the young lady who recently made so promising a *debu* in Boston is the Topp of her profession? Besides which, I would innocently ask whether Senor Capo, who imitates ancient paintings with the scissors, is any relation to Da Capo who figures so often in music books? [These comical conceits is all made by me—JIM.]

.....One of them "funny" muffs a body meets with every day, came to me last Sunday, and says he, "Jim, our theatres wouldn't be shucks, if it wasn't for the scenery," and he actually laughed as though he had said something funny. I soothed him by quietly observing, "I don't *see* nary joke in *that*!" Then he very wickedly exclaimed:—"Suppose, Jim, a theatre is jammed with a cold and frigid audience, would it be proper to call it a-n-ice jam?" "No," I responded in my overwhelming style, "but if the boxes was packed, then you might call them packing boxes!" This insane person persisted in his incoherent remarks, and said:—"Why well Dan Bryant, at the opening of his new hall, repeat his European successes?" "Because," says I, with a vindictive look at the discomfited person, "because he'll be playing in Cork again." But he "came up smiling" once more, and looking me suspiciously in the google eye, he said:—"What nigger minstrel is most like a three part musical composition?" "I don't know," says I, to get rid of the chap. "Billy Birch," says he. "How so?" says I. "Because Birch is a tree-oh!" I took the bark of his tree-oh! by quickly remarking—'Billy's more like a *four* part composition." "As how?" says he. "Because, at a lunch review, the other day, Billy Birch drank a full quart-et of hot bean soup." "It must have caused him a good deal of pain," drawls out the would-be funny man. "Why?" asked I, unconscious like. "Because he looked very black in the face that night," retorted the terrible funny fellow. "Oh!" says I, careless like, "that was all owing to the pains he took to amuse the people." "Ah, indeed," persisted he, "them pains was too dark to see through in that light." We crushed the unfortunate suicide by rejoining:—"*Your* gas ought to have made even darkness visible." His

THE OLYMPIC, Norfolk, Va., will open on or about the 25th inst., under the management of Richard Dudley, with J. W. Berkley, stage manager, and Will Kurtz, business manager. Berkley and Kurtz will have the ends. They are said to have a splendid hall.

Circuses.

BEN BROWN, song and dance man, etc., is acting as business manager of Rutledge & Riley's Circus. See advertisement.

BAILEY'S CIRCUS exhibits in Rockford, Illinois, on the 20th inst.

DAN CASTELLO'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE is billed as follows:—Akron, Ohio, 18th; Hudson, 19th; Cleveland, 20th; West Cleveland, 21st; Elyria, 22d, and Wellington, 23d.

HERR DRIESBACH & CO.'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS will be in Charlestown, Mass., 18th; South Boston, 19th; Chelsea, 20th, and East Boston, 21st.

YANKEE ROBINSON'S SHOW was at Virginia, Ill., May 12th; Jacksonville, Ill., 13th, and Springfield, 15th.

GEO. W. DE HAVEN'S CIRCUS was at Kewanee, Ill., May 9th.

BAILEY'S CIRCUS was at Princeton, Ill, May 12th.

LAKE'S HIPPO-OLYMPIAD showed at Mattoon, Ill., May 11th.

CARROLL AND MAGINLEY'S CONCERN is on the Alton and Terre Haute road.

RUTLEDGE AND CO.'S CIRCUS is in Northern Illinois.

THAYER AND NOYES' CIRCUS will be in Zanesville, Ohio, on the 21st inst.

THEY'RE AWFUL PIOUS in Concord, N. H., judging from a story which says that the workmen in one of the carriage factories in that village recently held a consultation to decide whether they could conscientiously work on circus wagons. We believe that a glimpse of a circus manager's greenbacks overcame the scruples of those pious money grubbers, and they went to their sinful work on the circus wagons. Such a place cannot be a "Concord of sweet sounds."

THE ORTON BROTHERS' CIRCUS performed in Brownsville, Nebraska, May 9th; Nebraska City, 11th; Plattsmouth, 12th; Omaha, 13th and 14th, and Council Bluffs, 15th. During the week ending May 2d they were in KANSAS, and had very windy weather for three days, so that they could not put the top canvas up, but put the sides up and the people sat in the hot sun to look at the show. In western Kansas business is said to have been large, they being the first show ever at Junction City, Maryville, and other towns.

C. W. LAKEMAN, bill poster, of Brooklyn, publishes a card among our advertisements, to which the attention of circus managers and agents is directed.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS is billed to appear at Danieldsonville, Conn., 19th; Webster, Mass., 20th; Worcester, 21st; Woonsocket, R. I., 23d; Pawtucket, 23d; Phœnix, 25th; and Providence, 26th and 27th.

THE VAN AMBURGH MENAGERIE appears to have been very unfortunate, first in losing the best part of their animal collection in the late fire at Barnum's Museum, then the Giraffe died a short time since, and very poor business they have met with since they started out for their summer campaign. Instead of taking a route where they would not have any opposition they started in dead opposition to the New York Circus, losing sight of the fact that the "New York" had a long and well deserved reputation as one of the best concerns that travels. The Van Amburgh concern exhibited in Hartford, Conn., on the 11th and 12th inst., to about the worst business ever experienced by any circus in the country. This was caused, no doubt, in consequence of the "New York" being extensively billed to show there on the 13th. We are informed that the receipts of the Van Amburgh show were afternoon of the 11th about $325, evening $275, and for the 12th, afternoon, $105, and evening $70. This is terrible bad business for any canvas show, but worse for such a large concern as the Van Amburgh. The "New York" showed in Hartford, and notwithstanding it rained very hard, the receipts for afternoon and evening amounted to, we are told, over $1,675. Having become satisfied that they can not successfully oppose the New York concern the Van Amburghor's have made a slight change in their route and show in Providence four days earlier than they were advertised for. It appears that even the country people know when a good show comes along.

FRENCH'S CIRCUS exhibits in Louisville, Ky., the first four days of this week. A correspondent says:—"The city is teeming with their illustrated posters. In Cincinnati this company did a big business, and I learn that their progress thus far has been eminently successful. It is a large and expensive concern, and there is a necessity for their taking in a large amount of stamps to meet expenses. Madame De Berg, who broke her arm at Lent's New York Circus last winter, is with the troupe and riding with her wonted *esprit* and grace.....The agents of Robinson's Circus and Menagerie are here and the establishment is advertised to open on the 27th. The paste brigade has not been able to operate here, as Andy Springer, the *avant-courier* for French has monopolized all the bill boards and spare places."

HERR DRIESBACH'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS is billed to appear in Lowell, Mass., on the 22d and 23d inst.

STONE, MURRAY & CO.'S CIRCUS has been duly heralded at New Haven, Conn., by Frank Edwards, for an appearance, May 27th and 28th.

HAZLETON AND FALKIN, gymnasts and acrobats, advertise in this week's CLIPPER for engagements.

AMES' MENAGERIE has, we are informed by a correspondent, been doing a good business since they started from New Orleans. They showed in Canton, Miss., on the 5th, to a crowded canvas, also at Jackson on the 6th, and Vicksburg, 8th and 9th, when they made a jump of sixty miles to Brandon, and showed to a fine afternoon house. At the finishing of the show a heavy rain came up, spoiling the night house, but they played to $50. A correspondent says:—"The ring was yellow clay mud. Watson rode his act with his boots on. He accomplished two somersaults. He is a trump, and riding a fine act. Mr. Bob Smith and John Lawton are doing the clowning. Lawton is playing first. Bob has charge of the negro show also. They showed on the 9th inst., in Selma, Ala., and jump from there to Montgomery, and thence to Atalanta."

A SECOND HAND CANVAS is advertised for in another column by E. Moriarty.

BRYAN'S CARAVAN is now in a clear field—no opposition. It will exhibit at Schroon Lake, N. Y., May 23d; Crown Point, 25th; Westport, 26th; Keuseville, 27th; Plattsburgh, 28th; Rouse's Point, 29th, and Ellensburgh, 30th. This menagerie enjoys the advantage of having intelligent men to explain the various animals in the vast collection. Mr. Felix McDonald, a young Englishman, who has had years of practical experience in the old country, is the master of the Zoological department, and right well does he fulfill the duties of his station. He has at his disposal a fine assortment of felines, lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, servals and congues, and the manner in which he points out the differences of the species, not only interests the public, but imparts to them valuable information. The circus is under the direction of Jacob Showles, who allows nothing to suffer for want of attention.

MAGINLEY & CARROLL'S CIRCUS closed in St. Louis, Mo., on the 14th inst. and went thence to Franklin for the 15th, Jefferson City, 16th, and is billed ahead as follows:—Sedalia, Mo., 19th; Warrensburg, 20th; Pleasant Hill 21st; Kansas City, 22d and 23d; Hays City, 25th; Ellsworth, 26th; Salina, 27th; Junction City, 28th; Manhattan, 29th; Waumega, 30th; Topeka, Kansas, June 1st; Lawrence, 2d; and Leavenworth, 3d and 4th. The company is working for Denver City and Cheyenne. Ben Maginley sent a new canvas to the show from this city on the 18th inst.

ALL THOSE who directed letters to Alex. Robinson's Circus company at Charleston, S. C., and did not receive any reply, are requested to write to Raleigh, N. C., up to June 1st.

GARDNER & KENYON'S CIRCUS will perform in Stroudsburg, Pa., 20th; Rhemtown, 21st; Lebanon, 22d; Jonestown, 23d; Pennsgrove, 25th; Tremont, 26th; Minersville, 27th; Pottsville, 28th; Ashland, 29th; and Shamokin, 30th.

DAN RICE'S MENAGERIE exhibits in Buffalo, N. Y., on the 28th inst.

FRENCH'S CIRCUS performs in Jeffersonville, Ind., 22d and New Albany, 23d.

VAN AMBURGH'S MENAGRIE appears in Providence, R. I., on the 22d and 23d inst.

Negro Minstrelsy.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS dedicated their new hall in Chicago on the 12th inst., and the initial performance is pronounced a great success. Our correspondent says:—"There wasn't even standing room for the crowds that besieged the hall, and hundreds were turned away. Cool Burgess and William were funny, and each one of the party put forth his best endeavors. Rollin Howard made his first appearance here in burlesque *prima donna* business, and was well received. Fredericks has made a decided hit singing 'Meet Me, Josie, at the Gate,' and received an *encore* every night. 'Nicodemus Johnson' bids fair to become a fixture with this party.....Dupree and Benedict are coming to the convention, too, and will open at Library Hall on the 18th inst."

CHARLES VILLIERS, wench dancer, etc., recently of Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, is now open for engagement. *Vide* advertisement for address.

DUPREE AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS were advertised to open in Chicago, Ill., on the 18th inst., for two weeks.

LEAVITT & MACK'S MINSTRELS have been playing through the interior of the State of Maine. They were at Ellsworth 11th and 12th, Cherryfield 13th, West Machias 14th, Columbia 15th, Pembroke 16th, and Eastport 18th.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS gave their opening show at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 11th and 12th inst., and the house was well attended each evening. Dan Bryant and Unsworth are on the ends, with Nelse Seymour as interlocutor. The quartette is composed of Messrs. Dempster, Henry, Grier and Rockefeller.

COTTON AND SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS showed at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 13th and 14th. The first night, owing to the very inclement state of the weather, a slim audience was in attendance, but on the second appearance of the party the house was crowded. The entertainment was first class throughout, and gave great satisfaction. The vocal and instrumental part of the entertainment is much better than when this troupe last visited that city. Ben Cotton did a new song and dance, entitled "I Ain't a Going to Tell," which took immensely. Harry Stanwood did a banjo solo, in his usual excellent manner, and was deservedly applauded. The performance concluded with the laughable burlesque on the famous dramas, "Under the Gaslight," entitled "Under the Lamp Post." Ben Cotton appears to advantage as Simplicity Simple, from Goshen, and created much laughter in the last scene of the play. Harry Stanwood as Dorkey, Joe Norrie as Hanker, and Dick Ralph as Bouquet Johnny, kept the audience in a continuous roar. The company return there on the 16th for one night.

CHARLEY PETTINGILL'S MINSTRELS gave two of their performances in Lowell, Mass., on the 12th and 13th inst. A correspondent says:—"The programme was varied and excellent in character, while the entertainments were free from any vulgarity or coarse allusions. The song and dance of 'Nicodemus Johnson,' by Charley Pettingell, was well received. M. Ainsley Scott possesses a remarkably fine voice, and his efforts to please, as a balladist, were heartily applauded."

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS are as successful as ever in Cincinnati. On the 9th Johnny Allen withdrew from the company, and his place was taken by Frank Pell, who gave his specialty of "Old Shady" during the week. The scenic burlesque of "Life on the Mississippi" was the principal feature of last week's programme. Billy Manning's engagement was to end on the 16th.

PHILO CLARKE, having left the La Rue show, is now ahead of Sharpley and Cotton's Minstrels as writer.

SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS perform in Reading, Pa., on the 27th and 28th inst.

THE EXCELSIOR BOYS, whose proper names are Atkins and Fox, double clog dancers, etc., now performing with Wilson's minstrels, advertise in the CLIPPER for engagements.

"HURRAH THEE AROUND THE WORLD" has been revived in Philadelphia by Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, who also give a funny burlesque on the "Black Crook" *ballet*.

THREE NEW BURLESQUES are produced at Hooley's Minstrel Hall, Brooklyn, this week, called "The Impeachers, or Scenes in Congress," "Nobody's Daughter" and "I Don't Like It." In the first T. Donnell will make his first appearance and personate Ben Butler. There are six comedians engaged there at present, viz., John Mullican, who continues in high favor with the audiences, Archy Hughes, Dave Reed, J. K. Campbell, J. W. Glenn and T. Donnell. Manager Hooley continues to give a first-class minstrel entertainment and his hall is well attended each evening.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS did well in New Haven last week, although the weather was unfavorable.

"I AIN'T AGOING TO TELL" is the title of a song and dance, the music of which has been composed by J. Tannenbaum, who offers to furnish performers with the parts, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere.

EUGENE FLORENCE, wench dancer and *prima donna* actress, advertises in the CLIPPER for engagements.

CHARLEY MORRIS LOSES HIS DIAMOND RING.—On the 13th inst., Charley Morris lost his diamond ring in Cincinnati, which he valued at $1,000, and he at once offered a reward. While at his office, on the 14th, the Chief Police was waited upon by Mr. Lipman, who keeps a pawnbroker's office, who informed him that there were a couple of boys at his office, who had a ring that contained a couple of small diamonds, which they wanted to sell. On questioning the boys as to how they came in possession of the ring, they told him they found it in a gutter on Vine street, in front of a lager-beer saloon, and they also told him where the stones (all but one) could be found, which the Chief recovered and handed over to the owner. The boys gave an honest account of themselves, and were dismissed, with a suitable reward.

Miscellaneous.

STOCKBRIDGE'S MILTONIAN TABLEAUX is billed to appear at Milwaukee, Wis., May 18. The route ahead is Watertown 20th, Portage City 21st, Beaver Dam 23d, Sparta 23d, La Crosse 25th, and Winona, Minn., 26th.

THE FUJI YAMA JAPANESE TROUPE played four nights in Milwaukee, Wis., commencing May 6th. They went thence to Janesville for three nights, Watertown three nights, Fond du Lac three nights, Oshkosh three nights, Green Bay for two nights, and Appleton one night.

JOHN SPAULDING, late of the Spaulding Bell Ringers, but who went to California as musical director of the Alhambra, not quite finished yet, made his *debut* in San Francisco on April 17th at Lincoln Hall, at a concert given for the benefit of the family of the late Mr. Griswold. Mr. Spaulding made his appearance in an elaborate concert piece (the "Carnival of Venice") by Artot, and received a hearty and well deserved *encore*, to which he responded by playing, with the bow loosened and the rod carried under the violin, while the hands rested on all four strings, a well known hymn tune, in which the four voices were clearly brought out, and an effect produced not unlike that of a cabinet organ.

THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR" (A. Miner Griswold) is billed to lecture in Rome, N. Y., May 21st.

THE THOMPSON AND PARKHURST CONCERT TROUPE were at Mount Sterling, Ill., last week. H. S. Thompson, the composer, is director of the company.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE at Quincy, Ill., opened May 5th.

MARSHALL AND DOYLE'S JAPS were at Quincy, Ill., May 6th, 7th and 8th.

THE GLASS BLOWERS, with the Glass Bell Ringers, opened in Quincy, Ill., May 4th, for one week.

PHILIP PHILLIPS has been concertising through Indiana.

SMITH'S FEMALE SILVER BAND gave a concert at Rosamond, Ill., May 7th.

THE ALLEGHANIANS.—This celebrated troupe of vocalists and scientific bell-ringers are slowly wending their way north along the Illinois Central Railway, electrifying the people with song as they go. They were billed for Springfield, Ill., May 16th.

INGERSOLL HALL, St. Paul, Minn., can be rented by traveling companies for the single night or week, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere. Mr. Ossian E. Dodge has taken charge of the Hall, which is a guarantee that showmen visiting that city will be well taken care of, as Ossian has had over thirty years' experience in the show business and knows what is what.

ELLA LA RUE was to make a tight rope ascension at Quinton Park, Milwaukee, Wis., on the 17th inst.

THE BLACK SWAN gave a concert in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 11th inst.

HARTZ, the Illusionist, is in Albany, N. Y., all this week.

SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE appeared in St. Paul, Minn., on the 15th and 16th inst.

THE KATHLEEN O'NEIL TROUPE performed at Fort Alcatras on April 20th, being the first performance ever given there. George H. Edmonds is musical director of the company.

MARTINO, the Wizard, "faked" at Morrisania Hall, Morrisania, N. Y., on the 14th, 15th and 16th.

WHITMORE & CO.'S HIPPOCOMIQUE, traveling through Massachusetts and exhibiting under canvas, was at Newburyport, 6th; Ipswich, 7th; Gloucester, 8th; and South Danvers, 9th.

THE AGENT of Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, sends us a note stating that A. M. Dorland's "Miltonian Tableaux" has been seized for the rent of that hall, in consequence of some of Mr. Dorland's employes in his absence running off with the proceeds of five exhibitions, about $1,000. Mr. Dorland may be able to save his property by liquidating the claims against the concern.

THE PUPILS of Geo. T. Sheldon, the dancing master, of Washington, D. C., gave an exhibition at Carusi's Hall, in that city, on the 14th inst., which was largely attended. The affair is said to have surpassed anything of the kind ever before gotten up in Washington, and many were desirous for a repetition of the entertainment. About one hundred pupils participated, appearing in dances, marches, tableaux and groupings.

THE HARMONIC SOCIETY, of Cincinnati, gave a concert on the 12th, which was largely attended, notwithstanding a heavy rain. Mrs. Dexter is the soprano, Nicholas Longworth the tenor, and Henry J. Smith the baritone, of the troupe.

THE CINCINNATI ORPHEUS, a German musical society, lately known as the Maennerchor, were to have given the opera of 'Zampa" on the 15th and 16th, and the "Poacher" this week some time, at Mozart Hall, in Porkopolis.

ARTEMUS WARD'S MOTHER, MRS. BROWNE, requests that the monument which the printers propose to erect to the memory of her son, shall be located in Waterford, Maine, his native place, instead of New York city, as contemplated.

JOHN B. GOUGH lectured at Washington, D. C., on the 8th inst., on "Peculiar People," and on the following evening on "Orators and Eloquence."

LOUIS HASELMAYER, the illusionist, commenced a short season in Washington, D. C., on the 13th inst., but owing to very bad weather, did not attract large houses.

DAY'S BULLETIN is again issued in this week's CLIPPER, so that those wishing to procure songs, comedies, etc., should not fail to read it.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, Ashland, Pa., is the only one in that town of 15,000 inhabitants, a strange but true fact. Fortunately it is well adapted for entertainments, and may be rented on application to George C. Helfrich, the Odd Fellows' Secretary. Managers and agents traveling that way will govern themselves accordingly.

MARTINO, the California illusionist and ventriloquist, had two full houses at Louis Coombes' Hall, Morrisania, N. Y., on the 16th inst., children in the afternoon and adults in the evening. His performances were good, particularly his "Living Head," which was marvelous. His prizes were fairly and squarely distributed, we doubt not, in the afternoon the tickets being "all prizes and no blanks," at which the children were highly delighted.

SIG. BLITZ'S complimentary benefit, previous to his retiring from public life, is fixed to take place on the 29th inst., at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

IN THE NEW tax bill reported to the House of Representatives, the following are among the taxed:—Places of amusement, $200; second class, $20. Places of amusement not otherwise provided for, where entrance money is 25 cents or less, $100; when exceeding 25 cents, $200. Jugglers, $25. Proprietors of gift enterprises, $500. Rather hefty on the gift men.

FANNY KEMBLE is reading in Philadelphia this week. Henry Vincent lectures in that city May 19.

A PRESTIDIGITATOR, who is claimed to be a first class magician and illusionist, advertises in this week's CLIPPER for a partner having the requisite supply of greenbacks or specie.

OLIVE LOGAN spoke in Crosby's Opera House, Chicago, on the 14th inst., to a large audience. A correspondent informs us that the night was rainy, but that did not prevent the gathering of the most brilliant audience seen as a lecturer in that city for months. Miss Olive's "points" were quickly appreciated here, and the applause was prompt and hearty. She was called out again at the close of the lecture, but merely bowed her thanks. Miss Logan went from Chicago to Bloomington and Springfield, Ill., intending to go thence up the Mississippi, taking the large towns on her way, and moving thus leisurely about in the Western country for some weeks to come.

PROF. FRENCH, with his sagacious canines, advertises for engagements after June 1st,

THE UNION HARMONIC SOCIETY of Morrisania, N. Y., gave a concert of a very entertaining kind at Morrisania Hall on the 11th inst., George F. Bristow conductor, and Prof. Nash, the President, General Manager. The choruses were all par excellence, in time, tune and pathos. In solos Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Holinboe excelled. Messrs. Tagliabue, Momburger and Bell, in their trio of "Mynheer Van Dunck," rendered the most pleasing part of the programme capitally, and the quartette of "Oberon in Fairy Land" by Mrs. Henry, Miss. Needham and Messrs. Tagliabue and Nash, took the audience by storm. Of the conducting and management we need say nothing, for Professor Bristow and Nash's reputations are past criticism. We make one suggestion, however, viz., that fewer solos, and more duets trios and choruses, in these as well as other concerts, will prove more entertaining, as the majority of audiences are usually not accomplished musicians, and therefore fail to appreciate the most difficult passages. Gen. Sigel and Prof. Ernst, formerly attached to the French Court as teacher of the flute, were among the audience, and evidently much pleased.

ROEDER'S HALL, Cleveland, Ohio, is the name of a new hall lately opened in that city, and which can be rented by the night or week.

JOHN SIVORI continues to teach pupils to manipulate the violin and banjo.

BREHAN'S BELL RINGERS put in one night at the Opera House, Elmira, N. Y., to fair business on the 15th inst. Mrs. Florence did some fine solos and also sang a neat duet with Miss Brevoort. Julian Breban did some comic acts.

Amateur.

THE EXCELSIOR DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Richmond, Va., composed of young men of that city, gave their first performance at the New Richmond Theatre on May 4th, assisted by the services of the following professionals:—Charlie Rosine, comedian; Miss Blanche Middleton, vocalist and comedian; Miss Rachel Hodgin and Mr. W. E. Coleman. A correspondent says:—"The latter gentleman acted in the capacity of stage manager. The performances consisted of 'Robert Emmet' and the 'Maid with the Milking Pail.' The performance was most excellent, and elicited universal commendation from both press and public. Robert Emmet, in the hands of Daniel Fitzpatrick, was excellent, that gentleman evincing considerable dramatic talent, which only requires cultivation and development to establish his histrionic reputation on a firm basis. Charlie Rosine's Darly O'Gaff was the life of the performance, repeatedly bringing down the house by his delineation of the sprig of the Emerald Isle. Blanche Middleton as Maria, and Rachel Hodgin as Judy O'Dougherty, enacted their *roles* with characteristic ability. Mr. William Loader as Keenan surprised his numerous friends by his forcible impersonation. Mr. Theo. McDonnell as O'Leary did well, and Mr. Hawkins as Sergeant Topfall was the recipient of many warm encomiums from the large audience present. Mr. Bowen as Norbury, Mr. Bagdien as the Corporal, and Mr. Filban as Conner, were *au fait*. Mr. Roebuck as Dendall was all that could be desired, enacting his part with spirit and vigor. The audience was very enthusiastic throughout. In the afterpiece Miss Blanche Middleton favored us with one of her charming songs, which received a well merited *encore*. Her delineation of Milly was pert and piquant, the character losing nothing in her hands. W. E. Coleman made his *rentree* on the stage, after an absence of twelve months, as Lord Philander, and was received with many marks of approval from his large circle of friends. Having been so successful the first time, the association resolved to give a second performance, which occurred on the 11th. 'Robert Emmet' was repeated, with the farce of the 'Persecuted Dutchman.' The entertainment was for the benefit of the St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum. A larger audience than on the first occasion evinced their appreciation of the association's endeavors to please by hearty and enthusiastic applause. Quite a nice little sum was netted for the orphans, the whole affair being a success. 'Robert Emmet,' was, if possible, even better played than before, while the 'Persecuted Dutchman' kept the house in roars of laughter. Charlie Rosine's John Schmidt was excellent. Miss Mary Jackson, an old Richmond favorite, also made her first appearance in several months as Arabella in the farce, and was favorably received. Wm. Loder appeared as Augustus Clearstarch, while W. E. Coleman's Capt. Blowhard blowed himself hard into the people's favor. Mr. Richard Kennedy as Teddy was good, and occasioned considerable laughter by his queer antics and comic gesticulations. Miss Middleton as Mrs. Plentiful, and Miss Hodgin as Perseverance, did well. It is likely the association will continue their performances from time to time, as there is a dearth in Richmond of amusements at the present time."

THE KEOKUK AMATEUR MINSTRELS appeared in that city on May 7th to a crowded house, and are said to have given satisfaction.

A MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT was given at Odd Fellows' Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 14th inst., under the auspices of the Central Division, Sons of Temperance. The farces of "Poor Pillicoddy" and "Quiet Family" were performed. Mr. A. S. Lawrence, a former member of the late dramatic stock at Wall's Opera House, appeared as Captain O'Scuttle and Benjamin Bibbs. The musical part of the programme was carried out by Messrs. F. A. Chase, B. W. Reiss, C. C. Ewer, D. W. Partello, C. H. Fowler, Julius Lansburgh and Miss Carrie Ross.

THE DAVENPORT CLUB, of Cincinnati, gave the "Chimney Corner" and some selections on the 15th.

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of this city performed on the 12th inst., for the benefit of Miss Emma Minetta, the "Limerick Boy" and "La Tour de Neele." P. J. Healy as Paddy Miles, was at home in the part and kept the audience in good humor throughout the play. The rest of the parts were well done, especially Mr. J. C. Garret, Miss Estella Monterey and Marietta Brooks. J. B. Bowers as Burdian was good, as also Garrett as Walter, Hart as Landie, and Morse as Phillip. The part of Marguerite was too much for Miss Minetta.

THE WARREN COMBINATION, of this city, was to perform on the 18th inst., the "Lady of Lyons," and the "Robber's Wife."

THE BOOTHERNIAN ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, performed for the joint benefit of M. Gahen and R. Coates, on the 11th. The pieces selected were "All that Glitters" and the burlesque of "Bombastes Furioso." The house was crowded. On the 14th, (regular night) they played "Everybody's Friend" and "Jenny Lind."..... The Dramatic Union performed "Toodles," with Mr. Hodgers as Timothy, and the farce of "Limbo." This association announce "The Lady of Lyons," with Miss Beaufort, of the "Shakespeare," as Pauline, at Washington Hall, on the 26th..... A new association has been formed in this city under the name of the "Craig Dramatic."

Foreign Show News.

THE LONDON THEATRES.—Few and unimportant were the changes at the London theatres for the week ending May 2d. At Her Majesty's Opera House "Fidello" was presented, with Mlle Titiens in the characters of the heroine. "Norma" was presented on April 28th, with Titiens as the Priestess and Mlle Sinico as Adalgisa. "La Gazza Ladra" was announced for representation on the 4th, with Louisa Kellogg as Ninetta for the first time. Christine Nilsson was to appear on the 5th in "La Traviata," followed on the 9th by "Marta".....The Princess closed for the season on April 27th, on which night a miscellaneous and attractive programme was given for the benefit of Mr. Smale, the treasurer of the theatre. A large audience filled the house in every part. "Shylock" was the opening piece, the part of the Jew being sustained by Mr. Dominick Murray. Miss Josephine Fiddes played Portia; Mr. Shore, Gratiano; Miss E. Barnett, Jessica, and Mr. Forrester, Antonio. Then followed scenes from the "Streets of London," presented by Mr. Vining as Badger, Mr. Murray as Dan, Miss E. Barnett as Lucy, Mr. Forrester as Paul, Mr. Cathcart as Puffy, and Mrs. Addie as Mrs. Puffy. A scene between Benedict and Beatrice came next, with Walter Lacy as Benedick, and Ada Cavendish as Beatrice. Lucy Rushton next appeared as Lady Teazle, supported by Mr. Maclean as Sir Peter, Mr. Forrester as Joseph Surface, and G. F. Neville as Charles. In "Box and Cox," which came next, George Honey was Box and J. Montague Cox.....The St. James brought its season to a close on April 27th, with the farewell benefit of Miss Herbert, who has retired from the management. Mad. Celeste's twelve farewell performances terminated at this house on April 25th, with her benefit. Though not an extraordinary large one, the audience was remarkably enthusiastic. It is thought that in the whole course of her long and prosperous career she could not have received in any part of the world which she had visited greeting more fervent than that which was accorded to her on this occasion. All that it seemed possible for the warmest hearts and the strongest lungs and hands to produce, in the form of expression of admiration and congratulation, was unanimously given to her. On her first entry, at the end of each act, and again and again when she made the most striking displays of talent in her acting, great cheering burst forth; and when the last moment arrived after the fall of the curtain, and she came in front to take her final adieu of the audience, the intense and oft-repeated applause indicated that those present were loth to lose sight of her, and determined that if she must retire she should long remember the manner in which they demonstrated their appreciation of her skill, and their regret that her gifts were to cease to be employed for their entertainment, as hitherto. Madame Celeste had, it seems, desired to gratify her friends by giving, on this occasion, her personation of Miasin in "The Green Domino," which, as is well known, was one of her greatest triumphs when her fame was at its zenith. An insuperable obstacle preventing the execution of this design, she elected to appear in the characters of Ernest de la Garde and Zambarra, in the drama of "The House on the Bridge of Notre Dame." This house was to re-open on the 11th inst. for French plays, under the direction of M. Raphael Felix, for a season of three months.....The Haymarket has continued the run of "A Hero of Romance," the Adelphi and the Olympic, with "No Thoroughfare" and "Black Sheep," retain unchanged programmes, and the Strand has been crowded in consequence of the attraction offered by its brilliantly appointed extravaganza, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."..... Robertson's comedy "Play" continues to attract at the Prince of Wales', while the "White Fawn" is largely patronized at the New Holborn.....Mr. Tool took his benefit at the Queen's on April 29th, appearing in "Paul Pry" and "Artful Dodger." He was called at the end of each piece and received such a greeting as could not fail to deeply impress him. So great was the application for seats that numbers of applicants were turned away from the theatre. On the following night, to give the disappointed a chance, a second benefit, with a performance the same as the first, was hastily arranged, and passed off with equal *eclat*. Alfred Wigan was announced to open on the 4th inst., as Achilea Dufard in "The First Night."..... Risley's Japs continue at the Lyceum..... "Exits and Entrances" a new drama, was produced at the East London on April 27th. The piece has been adapted from a tale by Mrs. Winstanley, and has for its object to depict the difficulties, dangers, and privations which beset the career of the strolling player. Out of the incidents of the story Mr. Spencer is said to have made a very pleasing drama, but, with motives doubtless of the most commendable kind, he has so overdosed his piece with maxims, often sufficiently commonplace, that very great compression is needed..... "The Black Sheep," produced at the Olympic on April 25th, is pronounced a clever, interesting, well constructed, and very gloomy story of an ultra sensational kind.....Miss Glyn continues her engagement at the Standard. "Winter's Tale" was produced on April 29th, with Miss Glyn as Hermione.

AUSTRALIAN THEATRICALS.—The Haymarket Theatre, Melbourne, which is now known as the Duke of Edinburgh, was occupied during the month of February by the Lyster English Opera Troupe, who met with poor success. Upon the closing night Mr. Lyster expressed his regret at the financial failure of the undertaking, and stated that the Italian company, after paying their own expenses from South America, and remaining one month idle during the pantomime season, only shared £50 amongst four of them for six weeks' services. Signor Antoni, who is pronounced by the press and the public the most accomplished artiste that ever visited the colonies, had only £26 in the theatre for his benefit. The other members of the troupe were very little better. The combination was to proceed early in March to Ballaarat, Sydney, and then try another season in Melbourne. A company announced as being formed upon the co-operative system, under the management of Mr. W. M. Brown, commenced a dramatic season upon the 17th of February, with indifferent success. Mr. Coppin was to resume the management of the Haymarket late in March.....The Theatre Royal has changed its management, Mr. Vicent being now announced as lessee. Mr. James Anderson has been playing a round of characters during the month of February and business has been bad. He proceeds to Adelaide, then to England, and most probably to America, to play a farewell previous to his retirement from the stage. The opera company will give their next season at this theatre, and it is reported that Mr. Walter Montgomery is engaged for one month, previous to his return to England.....The Princess' has been opened by a co-operative company.....The Japanese, after terminating a month at the Princess', paid a visit to Ballaarat, where the receipts exceeded the large amount taken in Melbourne—report says one £1,000 per week. They visit Geelong, Bendigo, &c., and were to open in Sydney on Easter Monday..... The Polytechnic was opened for a season of two nights, after which it closed. The husband of a Miss Ada Hart was the spirited speculator, his object being to introduce his wife to a Melbourne audience in characters far beyond her capabilities. Unable to obtain a star engagement, the deluded husband (with becoming admiration of his wife's talent) rushed into management, and the folly has carried punishment along with it.....The Lehman Troupe have been compelled to accept an engagement at the Varieties. They are simply killing time until they receive money from America to enable them to leave the country.....Mr. Gourlay has returned from Tasmania, and is now walking about Melbourne waiting the result of his Supreme Court action against Mr. Ambrose Kyte for non-fulfillment of contract in not giving him possession of St. George's Hall during the Duke's visit.....Mr. Simmonds has commenced another season in Ballaarat with a small company, and smaller prospects of success. Members of his last company summoned him before a magistrate for salary. He acknowledged losing £400 at cards.....At the Prince of Wales Opera House, Sydney, the Christmas pantomime was followed by six performances, Mr. Coppin taking his farewell of management in Sydney, under the special patronage of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh.....Mr. Walter Montgomery terminated a twelve nights' engagement in Sydney on the 15th of February, and commenced his readings.....The principal members of Mr. Coppin's company sailed early in March for Adelaide, to support Mr. James Anderson. Mr. Hoskins has taken Mr. Greville's position as Stage Manager, and was to continue until the expiration of Mr. Coppin's lease, on the 23d of March, after which the theatre went into the hands of Mr. Dowd..... The Japanese opened in Sydney on Easter Monday for one month, after which Mr. Lyster was to give an opera season..... The Victoria, Sydney, was to be re-opened with a co-operative company at Easter..... The Tycoon troupe of Japanese have visited Maitland and Newcastle, and taken their farewell of Sydney at the Polytechnic. They proceed to New Zealand, and will, probably, visit Adelaide, under the auspices of Mr. Coppin..... Mr. C. Wheatleigh is expected from California with the new sensation drama of "Under the Gaslight."..... A small company is existing in Brisbane, Queensland. Mr. Hoskins was expected March 5th as a star..... Messrs. John Dunn and Stuart O'Brien have sailed from New Zealand for Melbourne..... Mr. Coppin was to open the Town Hall, South Australia, on the 21 of March, with Mr. James Anderson, supported by the Sydney company. Mr. Anderson was to play for three weeks, and then proceed to England. Mr. Coppin will then appear in a round of characters, as the doors of the old theatre have been closed against him and his stars for seven years, it is anticipated that the Town Hall season will be as brilliant as it is brief. The new theatre was to open on Easter Monday. Mr. Burton, with his circus, was expected at Easter.....The Martinetti troupe concluded a twenty-seven nights' engagement in Dunedin, New Zealand, in March. Mad. Desire Martinetti, Paul, Albert, Philippe and Julian Martinetti, Grust Bulslay and M. Massartie are in the company.

AS A PROOF of the French popularity of Offenbach the following statistics are interesting: Four pieces by M. Offenbach have now obtained a total of a thousand representations, thus divided: "La Belle Helene," 292; "Barbe-Bleue," 172; "La Vie Parisienne," 293; "La Grande Duchesse," 243. The total receipts at these performances in Paris have been 3,372,366fr., or nearly £135,000 sterling.

MADLLE. BEATRICE, the French actress, has been delighting the patrons of the Leicester Theatre by her brilliant assumptions. At her benefit she was continually cheered, and called three times before the curtain. "Plot and Passion" and "Mary Stuart" were the pieces, in which she was assisted by the new manager, Mr. J. Windley. Mr. Palgrave Simpson's "Broken Ties" enabled Madlle. Beatrice to make another success, and her "La Sylvia" was the crowning feature of her short engagement.

THE PORTE ST. MARTIN THEATRE, Paris, is in the market, and a keen competition is expected. M. Billon, formerly manager of several Parisian theatres, including the Cirque du Boulevard du Temple, is looked upon as having the best chance. He will have for associate, should he be successful, M. Hollacher, the director of the Theatre de Belleville, now in course of re-erection after its destruction by fire. The two houses will be worked under one administration, but will preserve their respective characters.

THE T. P. COOKE PRIZE DRAMA.—This play, "The Maid of the Mountjoy," the joint production of Messrs. Joseph J. Dilley and James Albery, is in four acts, and is founded on the blockade and relief of Londonderry in 1689. Although its hero is a seaman, it is not, as its title would imply, a strictly nautical drama. Mr. Albery may be remembered as the writer of a one act piece, "Doctor Davy," produced some few months back at the Lyceum Theatre, London, under Mr. Fechter's management; and Mr. Dilley is the author of a play and a comedy entitled respectively "Caronne" and "The Sleeping Hare," and of some smaller pieces which have been played with success in the Provinces

MR. BANDMANN has appeared in Manchester, Eng., as Shylock and Othello.

T. B. GLENNY, who appeared in this city in "Arrah-na-Pogue," appeared in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on April 25th, as Othello.

ADOLPHE BROUHL met with a serious accident on April 23d. On the night in question the *artistes* were returning from Ilkeston, Derbyshire, to Heanor, and having a very steep hill to surmount, Adolphe alighted for the purpose of walking. On reaching the summit the gentleman endeavored to re-enter the carriage, when the door gave way, and Mr. Brousil was thrown heavily to the ground, the vehicle passing over his leg, causing a compound fracture of a very serious nature.

"NAPOLEON."—Mr Van Hare's dog, designated "The Wizard Dog," died on April 24th, aged twelve years. He was a noble specimen of the Newfoundland breed (weighing near 200lbs.), for which he took the prize at the first Agric

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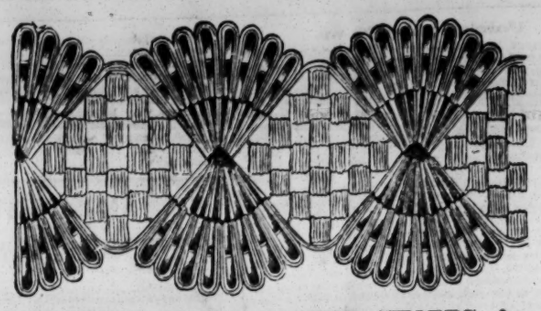

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